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THE
UNION MAGAZINE,
OF
LITERATURE AND ART.

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—We are always glad to see this valuable monthly on our table—and we hear that it is a particular favorite with everybody. It is edited by a lady possessing the talents most suitable for conducting a work of the kind—and we sometimes suspect that this magazine has been hailed in a great many quarters where even the unquestioned ability and variety of its contents would not alone have gained it admission. This number abounds with beautiful embellishments—besides the two unsurpassed and insuperable engravings at the beginning.—*The Bee, Middlebury, Vt.*

UNION MAGAZINE.—The April number of this splendid periodical has been received, and well sustains its high position. It is not a cheap, catch-penny publication, with flashy covers and engravings, nor flimsy, pointless contents, but a monthly of real merit in every respect. The principal engravings, "The Lost Glove," and "Memory," are of superior order. Its mechanical execution is on a par with its contents, and we can honestly recommend it to our readers.—*Weekly Mirror, Nantucket, Mass.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—The Union for April is upon our table in good season. It is a matchless number. The story copied into our columns from its pages to-day is worth the year's subscription. The illustrations are unique and graphic as usual. A better magazine than the Union cannot be found in all the locust-like swarm that comes from the teeming press.—*Springfield Sentinel, Springfield, Mass.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE, for April, appears from the hands of the publisher (Israel Post, New-York) with the usual punctuality which marks it among competitors. Its literary matter is varied and entertaining—with poetry from Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Hunter and Simms, prose from its accomplished editor, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Child, and the other well-known contributors, and a pretty *morceau* of original music from Miss Augusta Browne. The department of illustration maintains its superiority in the hands of Matteson, whose meaning pencil seems to infuse new spirit in the art of magazine embellishments.—*Zanesville Courier, Zanesville, Ohio*

THE UNION MAGAZINE. Edited by Mrs. Kirkland, New York. Israel Post. This Maga-

zine has, so far, sustained the high promise with which it started; the only marvel being, that, at three dollars a year, so many engravings from original designs and of great merit, such good paper and so proud a list of contributors, can be profitably sustained. In the present number we have two admirable original embellishments—"The Lost Glove," illustrated by a clever satirical tale by Mrs. Jane C. Campbell, one of our best Magazine writers, and an ideal picture, "Memory," of great allegorical beauty. Besides these, there are some nine or ten wood engravings illustrative of the text, and a colored fashion plate. Among the contributors, in addition to the pleasant writer already named, are Mrs. Child, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. C. H. Butler, Miss Augusta Browne, W. G. Simms, J. B. Taylor, whose opening story or reminiscence is a good article, G. W. Curtis, the editor and others. We cannot but wish the Union Magazine the success all the parties to its production deserve.—*Commercial Advertiser, New-York.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—April.—This is one of the most splendid pictorial numbers that ever the Union has produced. One plate is called "Memory." It represents an old man on the verge of the grave, seated in an arm chair. In the background, his memory is pictured. He sees himself as a boy, kneeling in prayer at the feet of his mother; as a youth, full of life and hope; as a bridegroom, putting the wedding-ring on the finger of the object of his affections. He is alone—no! not alone, for behind him Death is waiting to bear him from the scene of his long pilgrimage. The plate delicately and beautifully executed by Hinshelwood, from a design by Matteson. Another plate, a mezzotint, is called the "Lost Glove." The lost glove is on the head of a gentleman, who is complaining to a servant of his loss. The countenance of the colored servant, who sees the glove, contrasts comically with that of the angry master. The third is a fashion plate, colored. There are, besides, a number of wood engravings. The contents original, are, as usual, by some of the most famous Magazine writers, male and female.—*The Atlas, New-York.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—We regret not having noticed the number for the present month at an earlier date—deserving as it does, special attention. Nothing can surpass the elegance of this "Prince

(See third page cover.)



THE UNION MAGAZINE

MAY, 1848.



THE CITY OF PEACE.

BY GEORGE W. PECK.

THE visit of Dwarkanauth Tagore, the rich Hindoo Rajah, to London, made a great sensation a year or two since, and gave occasion to many paragraphs in the newspapers. This princely personage, it will be remembered, was received in fashionable society, and became the lion of a season; he brought with him all the appointments of Eastern wealth and splendor; his entertainments were the richest ever given: he scattered costly shawls and rare pearls among the beauties of the courts of England and France, as profusely as though he had been served by a genie; his suite was numerous, and he was attended by a retinue of distinguished Hindoo gentlemen.

Among these last was Lies Galore, a man of venerable age and wide experience of life, of dignified but affable manners, full of conversation, learned in Eastern philosophy, a profound ob-

server, and at the same time a perfect man of the world. He was particularly remarkable for his preference of agreeable and quiet social intercourse to the excitements of fashionable display. While the Rajah and his ostentatious companions were exhibiting their magnificence at court-balls and aristocratic assemblies, Lies Galore would be reclining on his divan, (for they kept up in their apartments the fashion of their country,) surrounded by a few friends, and enjoying himself in familiar conversation; communicating knowledge from his own abundant store, or endeavoring to enlarge his acquaintance with the people among whom he was sojourning. Of the many anecdotes of himself which he was in the habit of relating, none was thought more singular than the following.

The company had been speaking of the peculiar

excitements and pleasures of the chase in his country, the strange unearthly wildness of the scenery in the northern parts, and such-like matters, till suddenly the old man's eye lighted up with the recollection of an incident which had occurred to him in his youth, and which he said he should always remember as the most marvellous of his whole life. Indeed, though he told it for truth, and avowed his own belief in every particular, he was too polite to insist on his hearers esteeming it aught but a fiction which he had contrived for their amusement.

He was, he said, once engaged in a hunting expedition in the northern part of Hindostan, on the base of the Himmalayeh mountains, towards the confines of Thibet and beyond the sources of the sacred river—a wide lonesome region, where ravenous beasts haunt the impenetrable jungles, and the ominous vulture soars all day over bare desolate peaks and gloomy defiles. His party was large, and well provided with all the implements and appurtenances at that time in use among the Indian princes in such campaigns. They had, one afternoon, after a tedious day's march through deep gorges and rugged chasms, such as only exist in all the world among the roots of those awful summits, at length reached a somewhat more open space, and encamped under the shadow of a great rock that rose up through surrounding thickets. From this rock they could discern the place of their last night's encampment, by a thin wreath of smoke which issued from what now seemed the inaccessible declivity of a distant mountain, and could trace the windings of their path in the morning at intervals for many miles, by the precipices they had passed, and the grim, craggy peaks that had lately frowned upon them. By this it appeared that they were several thousand feet deeper than on the previous evening.

This circumstance gave rise to no little speculation among the leaders of the party, for the journey had now for several days been descending, and on thus seeing how far downward they had advanced since the last night, and recollecting that many of the preceding marches had seemed much steeper, though the actual descent had never before been so apparent to the eye, it began now to be suspected that they had accidentally discovered a passage through the great frontier wall of the empire, and were now traversing a region from whence they should emerge into the hostile plains of Tartary. It was agreed that a council should be held on the following morning, to determine whether to proceed, and that in the mean time, each individual should endeavor to satisfy himself with regard to their present position.

One means of ascertaining their longitude soon became apparent: for though it was but the ninth

hour of the day, the hoary monarchs of the desert only permitted the sun to shed a silver radiance through the zenith, and certain of those stars by which travellers are accustomed to shape their course, even now sent forth a paly lustre. They could not have passed the mountains, for their track had borne too far eastwardly towards the southern boundary of China. But how to account for the great depth they had reached on any other supposition, was extremely perplexing. It seemed that they must be at the bottom of some immense valley, profound and wide, the basin perchance of a volcanic lake that had been swallowed up ages ago in some primeval convulsion of nature.

Lies Galore said that the singularity of their position filled him, who was then quite young and full of the spirit of youthful adventure, with irrepressible excitement. To feel that they might be as far below the surface of the earth as the sublimest peaks towered above it, produced in him a sense of awfulness and dread, an overwhelming presence of the antique and vast, such as he had experienced in the dim colonnades of the temple at Elephanta, or in wandering among the proud mausoleums of the ancient sovereigns of Persia.

Among his luggage was a barometer, which had been given him by an English captain at Calcutta, who had also instructed him in its use. On producing it, he was delighted, and yet inspired with a kind of vague indefinable alarm, to see that the mercury rose quite above the index, and so as almost to fill the vacuum in the tube. Here was a decided confirmation of his theory; they were at so great a depth that the air required nearly two inches more of mercury to balance it! In his ignorance, he at that time regarded the mysterious instrument as a kind of divinity, and thought that the knowledge he had derived from it ought not to be divulged.

Replacing it, therefore, he sallied forth from the immediate encampment, and ascended the isolated rock beneath which they had posted themselves, in order to take a survey of the landscape, if landscape it might be called, which presented only features of chaotic desolation, and seemed but to convey the expression of nature's despair.

On the left, in the distance towards the sunset, and round the north, rose up a high dark wall of mountains, whose tops were in some places obscured by clouds, while in others they towered above them—cold, remote and dismal; the sun being still hidden behind others higher and more distant, so that no ruddy glow warmed the heavens above their dreary outline, or sent a ray of beauty into this sorrowful valley. Towards the south, was the confused mass of rocks, precipices, and fissures, from which the party had so recently emerged, seemingly a barrier through which they could never more regain the luxuriant

groves of their native country. But in the east, (and this imparted the strangest of all effects to the scene, and one not to be conceived but by an eye-witness,) though Galore strained his eyes till they ached, he could discern absolutely *nothing*—nothing save a dull hard darkness, that seemed to fill all that side of the sky. He could not tell where it united with the visible parts of the horizon, for the objects were all distant, and seemed to fade into it, as if it were a dun cloud, or the sable pall of night thrown suddenly over half the world.

Yet it was not a misty darkness, but a clear opacity, a black void, into which the bright effluence of heaven's uncreated essence poured freely, but never could return. For at the nearest point, about half a mile from the place of encampment, down the narrow sloping plain, it seemed to rise up directly behind the rocks and thickets, so that they there appeared as if painted upon a background of total darkness—an effect whose strangeness can be imagined by those who have observed a dark thunder-storm lowering behind a distant hill, only, it must be remembered, that here the eye was turned downward.

Lies Galore said that as he at first gazed that way, he could not avoid clutching the rocks and boughs from a sense of being so near what must be no other than a most dreadful precipice—a Tartarean abyss, bottomless and boundless; still such was his curiosity, that in a moment he called two or three of his slaves, and, tremulous with excitement, made all haste in the very direction he shuddered to fix his eye.

It did not require a long scramble through the tangled underbrush, to bring him to the anticipated verge, where to all appearance the solid thickness of the earth bordered upon the outer void. Down—down—into the dim obscure, as if by some law of stratification, the solid rock slid away on either side as far as he could see, in a rough steep wall, fringed here and there near the surface with dwarf shrubs and mosses, but at a great depth exhibiting only the hoary face of primitive lava. The strangeness of the scene, or perhaps the darkness, which rendered the descent appear illimitable emptiness, took away from the natural recoil, and after a brief interval of wonder, Galore found himself, seated on the very brink, listening to the gradually-receding noise of the boulders which his servants rolled off at his bidding, and speculating upon the probable depth at which their noise would reach him, taking into account the increase of sound which would be caused by their accelerated motion. The cold dry wind that blew steadily upwards, was not unrefreshing after the fatigues of the morning, and it came upon him with a mighty influence, making him feel as if he were already a disembodied spirit, and inhaling the pure breath of eternity.

Presently, while he thus fell into a revery, he fancied he could see at a great distance down, a narrow shelf or cleft, running obliquely along the face of the rock, till it was lost in the distance. He no sooner made sure of this, than the idea occurred to him of letting himself down to it; perhaps from thence he might discover that what now appeared bottomless was not actually so; at all events, he would try it, if it were but for the adventure. Accordingly he sent one of his servants back to the encampment for rope, of which they had a large supply for securing mule packs and other uses, and when they had brought many pieces and tied them together, he fastened the end about his loins and made them lower him down, ordering them at the same time to await his signal for drawing him up. As the inclination from the perpendicular was considerable, his whole weight did not bear upon the cord, and in some places he could almost clamber down without its aid. In a short time he had reached the shelf, which he now found to be sufficiently broad for walking, and as smooth as if it had been hewn with a chisel. It descended northwardly at an easy angle as far as he could see, and to detach himself from the cord and set off upon it at a round pace was done almost ere his feet had reached it. His servants would watch his motions from above, and he could not miss returning where there was but one way; hence he felt under no apprehension, and as the day was fast declining, the only light which now reached this backside of the world being from the cold blue sky just overhead, that barely fringed the darkness, he had every motive for haste, aside from the hurry of the spirits that was excited in him by the awful mystery of nature into which he had thus daringly intruded.

Without casting a look upward, he ran on, till on turning back he perceived that the upper world was fast fading from his view, as well as that below; but the impulse was irresistible, and he still kept on, guided by the wall on his left. For what purpose had this mysterious cleft been created thus upon the bare foundation of the monstrous orb? Was it to be the staircase of damned goblins, leading up from nethermost hell; or could it be only the mere chance of the primordiate elements?

Lies Galore said that these conjectures so busied him that he went on for hours, as in a dream, till the increasing coldness brought him at last to his senses, and he stopped suddenly. He was in utter darkness, and silence, except the chilly wind that whispered in his ear as it swept upward from the immeasurable deep. He must have come many miles. Should he go on? What if his slaves had left their post? Could he ever find the cord? While he thus considered, still slowly groping onward, his right foot unexpectedly found no resting place, and he would have fallen from the shelf,

which there ended abruptly, had not his hand in passing along the wall caught at a projection or ring, that was fixed therein. Without knowing what he did, he retained the ring in his convulsed grasp, and was startled to perceive it turn in his hand like a key, and draw him inward. It belonged to a door, which opened and let him into a low vaulted chamber, where there hung in the midst a burning lamp. The walls of the chamber were covered with hieroglyphics, and Galore read, by the light of the lamp, the names of many famous ancient magicians known to students of eastern lore. As he did so, he unconsciously blew with his lips into the hollow tube of the mysterious key, which had still retained itself in his hand, and instantly the flame of the lamp grew to a great light, and there appeared before him a tall figure, whom Galore recognised as one of those mighty spirits who are appointed to guard the hidden treasures of the universe.

"I am come;" said the Spirit, "what wouldst thou with me?"

Not terrified, for he was conscious of no crime, Galore replied, "If it be lawful, I desire to know this mystery."

"Son of the race of Ben Adhem," answered the Spirit, "the benevolence of Heaven hath shined upon thee. Thou art within the iron gate of life, and it is permitted thee to behold with mortal eyes the valley where those who love their fellow men, await the final consummation of events. They whose names are here written were evil enchanters, who tried by wicked arts to break the talisman of the Key of Gold, on which the great Solomon, as thou mayest see, inscribed a charm more powerful than the laws of the elements."

Galore examined the key, and saw graven in Sanscrit characters on its massy wards, the sentence:—

"I save him whom I serve;"

and on the reverse,—

"I obey the will of Heaven."

"Hadst thou not saved thy life," continued the Spirit, "by grasping the key, though thou mightst have opened the first gate by the aid of magical art, no hand but mine, whom Providence taught thee to summon, could have withdrawn the bolt of the second. Thou art the first that has come this way to the region that lies the other side of Death."

"Have I then," said Galore, "passed the limit whence there is no returning?"

"Nay," said the Spirit, "the gates of Death lie beyond the dark valley. Thou art still a clod of earth, and subject to thy will and thine earthly passions. Trust in Heaven!"

Saying which, he approached the further side of the cavern, where was another iron door

Galore had not before observed, whose heavy bolts flew back at his touch, and revealed a dark passage, which he motioned him to enter.

As he related this part of the story, Galore said, that although overwhelmed with the marvellous scene he had passed through, his resolution had not quailed till he heard the awful bars grate behind him, and found himself groping along this passage, which still tended downward, in a darkness that might almost be felt, and an air that had not been stirred for centuries. However, there was no retreat, and he went, shrinking, onward, till at length he perceived, in the distance, a thin perpendicular line of light, and found, by striking the magic key against the sides of the rock, that he was walking in a narrow fissure between two echoing walls, that resounded far above him. Presently the light grew brighter, and very soon he was at the end of the passage, in a gloomy, viperous hole, full of jagged rocks and briers, and without any vestige of a path. He turned back, thinking he might have lost his way, but the cleft had closed behind, and presented only a frowning precipice.

He thought of the Rewah maiden, who, in her palace at Allabad, awaited his return from the hunt, and his heart fell. Reeling backward, his glazing eye caught the opposite wall of the pit or ravine, and he fancied it might be accessible. The faint hope inspired him, and in a few moments he was clambering, he scarce knew how, up the precipitous ledge. He had almost reached the top, when suddenly he came to a chasm so wide that it seemed impassable. Beyond it, were but a few steps to the summit, and the ascent was easy; if he could but cross, the rest was gained. An instant's delay, and the thought of the maiden triumphed: he swung his arms for the leap; the weight of the golden key aided him; and, with a desperate bound, he just reached the opposite side, and, staggering to the summit, sank in a swoon.

Had the most hopeless captive that was ever led forth to grace the orgies of his cannibal enemies, been suddenly transported to the secure lawns where his unconscious children gambolled around their sorrowing mother, he could not have been more surprised than was Galore, when, presently recovering, he looked abroad on a scene more beautiful and magnificent than it is possible for mortal fancy to conceive.

He was on the brow of a mountain that overlooked an immense plain, where there was in the midst a stately city—so pleasantly situated that the plain seemed to have been created to be its site, and itself to be the ornament of the plain. He beheld with inexpressible delight its lordly piles of terraced palaces, and swelling billows of

white façades and burnished domes, all glistening in floods of yellow sunlight. There were also luxurious gardens, their tufts of greenery intervening with the white marble; and round about were many rows of elms, and mingling of groves, and lawns, and shady parks. Hard by were two lakes, one much larger than the other, that shone like golden mirrors; and all over the wide expanse, as far as he could see, were white residences and seats, scattered among patches of ancient woods, spacious fields of variously-colored grasses, (some white, others yellow with flowers,) undulating hills, and cool moss-grown ledges. The mountain on which he stood sloped away, somewhat precipitously at first, then through a verdurous wall of skirting forests, that stretched around on every side of the plain, rising upward in swelling ridges, and here and there in snowy peaks, that glittered like spires of silver. The most beautiful sky that can be imagined, lay over this magnificent valley. It seemed as if the heavens were reposing in the fulness of beauty. Such golden and purple islands, such depth of amber and azure, and all varieties of light and shade, were never seen, except in an air that was never vexed by tempests, and whose eternal clearness bred no noxious vapors, and needed no medicinal thunders.

The sun was now near setting; for though it was night in the world above, the greater convexity and lesser diameter of the inferior cycles, added to the reflection from the inner surface of ours, (which is perfectly transparent, like a window-shade, to those looking from within,) makes the day there always later, and almost continuous,—at least so Galore accounted for the fact afterwards, though then, he said, he was so occupied with the scene before him, that he had no thought of the incongruity.

He was entranced, now with the play of light and shadow upon the waves of verdure in the bosom of the valley and around its far-sweeping margin, now with the empurpled and gilded peaks of the distant summits, now with the dreamy gorgeousness of the sleeping clouds, or the exquisite variety of the wavy woodland—but chiefly with the noble, yet pleasing and tranquil aspect of the distant city. A soft gale suffused with tropical odors, yet breathing exhilaration with its languishment, was wafted to his senses from the flowering dells beneath, and filled him with a mingled calmness of resignation, and inspiration of hope. He remembered then the words of the Spirit, promising him that ‘he should behold the valley where tarried the souls of those who loved their fellow men,’ and he felt certain he was now looking upon that blissful valley so many students of forbidden arts had wasted their lives in vain attempts to reach, and was assured that the city could be no other than that he had read

of in the ancient sages, whose ever-open portal bore the inscription:

“THE CITY OF PEACE,”

and within whose walls and palaces, peace and plenteousness dwelt forever.

For awhile the unutterably tranquillizing influence of the scene took away from him all memory and power of reflection; the spirit of Peace passed deeply into his heart, and colored all his thoughts with her blessed heavenly radiance; he was content to be where he was brought, and his only wish was to descend and establish himself among the happy souls that people this delightful region. But in a moment he thought of his native land, wasted with wars between petty princes for conquest or oppression, and his heart bled when he considered the fate of his countrymen; would it not be more noble for him to preach peace among them, than to enjoy its reward thus prematurely? Nevertheless, if it was Heaven’s will, he was well content; he could think of the impassable barrier between him and them without emotion.

But in the midst of this fruition of happiness, again came the image of his Rewah maiden—that tenderest lily that grew on the borders of the Jumna—alas! she must wither and droop in Allabad’s deserted gardens. Never more should she behold her lost lord and lover; never more could he see or hear her. They were cut off from each other by a ruthless destiny.

Galore said that when he thought of this, his love for the maiden was such, that not even the ravishing half-celestial charms of nature around him, and the immediate prospect of passing, it might be, ages in the undisturbed possession of all things delightful to soul and sense, weighed an instant against his deep affections. “O that she were with me,” he said to himself, “for, without her, there is no peace anywhere; not heaven itself would be heaven without her.” Saying which, he covered his face with his hands, and prayed the universal Reason, that he might, if it were possible, return to the land of the living. As he did thus, the magic key burned in his hand so intolerably, that he threw it violently from him upon the rock. To his surprise, it did not rebound, but remained fixed in a marble door, on which was written:—

“Go in peace, and in peace return.”

He hastily turned the key, and the door easily opened, revealing a steep narrow staircase. With one look at the glorious sunset that was now blazing on the distant glaciers, and lighting up the beautiful valley with supernatural glory, he dived into the dark staircase, and heard the door close behind him. After descending a long while, he suddenly found the way stopped by a subterranean

ous stream of water, that rushed swiftly across, filling up the whole space. There was no other way but to plunge in or go back; and it required him to summon all his confidence in the inscriptions on the marble door, before he could bring himself to dare what seemed certain destruction. But again the thought of his young princess triumphed: "Death," said he, "is life without her!" and, holding his breath, he leaped in.

The stream occupied the whole cavity, except here and there where it passed low subterranean caverns, and Galore had extreme difficulty, by breathing to the utmost when it was possible, and then retaining it with calmness, though, for aught he knew, it might be his last, to keep himself from drowning. He did thus successfully for some time, but finally he was obliged to inhale the water, and, after a brief agony, in which he thought his hour was assuredly come, he a second time lost consciousness. How long he continued thus, he knew not; but when he awoke, he found himself lying, in broad day-light, half immersed, by the bank of a swift-running brook they had crossed

the previous night near the precipice, and which flowed over its verge. He called aloud to his servants, who were at no great distance, and found they had watched for him till they had fallen asleep, and were quite overwhelmed at seeing him returned without their aid, and in such a forlorn condition. They carried him back to the encampment, and, by the use of restoratives, soon brought him to his usual condition.

But Galore perceived, that though it must be now after sunrise, yet no light came across the dark eastern horizon,—there were only the diffused rays that were reflected from the gloomy, desolate Himalayehs. He had suffered so much during the night, that he could not avoid a feeling of horror at the idea of delaying in such a position, and as he had great influence with the rest, he soon brought them to his opinion. It was hardly an hour before they were on their way out of the horrible place, and with their mules' heads turned once more to the rich rice-fields and sacred banyan groves of Oude.

LULIN; OR THE DIAMOND FAY.

A Fairy Legend;

SENT BY A LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS, WITH A DIAMOND RING.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

PART FIRST.

FAIR Lilieth, listen, while I sing,
The legend of this diamond ring;
And in its moral, maiden, heed
A quiet 'hint, your heart may need.
In fairy archives, where 'tis told,
I found the story quaint and old,
Writ on a richly-blazoned page
Of parchment, by some elfin sage.

Long was the night to Lulin!—Discontent
With dew and flowers,—with fairy dance and song,—
Her pearl-shell boat upon the little stream,
Lit by a firefly, which her spells transfixed,
And lined with a warm blush some flower had given,
Where she was wont to lie and furl at will
The lily-leaf, and ply her elfin oar,—
Her white moth-courser, harnessed with gold hair,—
Her tiny, silver chorded lute, on which
She played the violet's lullaby, until
It bent in balmy slumber,—all were vain,
All wearied her.—Vague yearnings for a sphere
More high and vast had filled her ardent soul.
And once, at dawn, when soft the signal rang,
That every morning warned the dainty troop,
On pain of death to fly the approach of Day,
Our wilful Lulin lingered!—but an instant—
Yet in that instant she was seen and loved,

And loved again.—Alas! The first, rich ray,
The glorious herald of the coming morn,
Lit on the greensward at her very feet!
She fled in fear, yet with a rapturous thrill
At heart that haunted her.—And now she lay
Upon her rose-leaf couch,—half wild with doubt
And hope,—when lo! just ere the dawn,
A bubble, blown by some blithe cottage imp,
Floated above her! Like a gleam of light,
Up glided Lulin from her fragrant bed,
And clapped her delicate hands and cried "For me!
For me—the strange balloon! 'Tis bound to heaven!
Thus then I leave the cares of life for ever,
And meet my love!" She plumed her luminous wings;
She flew to mount the slowly soaring orb,
And, poised upon it—proudly looked below!
Ah, heaven! what warm embrace enfolds her form?
Her sunlit god alights beside her there!
And the car, suddenly illumined, glows
Beneath the glory of his smile; and up
They sail exulting in their joy;—but hark!
The signal sounds! the musical fairy gong!
Once—twice—ah, fate! ere thrice its tones resound,
The fragile bubble breaks! Alas for Lulin!
Down from her dizzy height, in sight of all,
Of all the troop dismayed, she gleaming fell!
Still radiant in the sunbeam's bright embrace:
And crushed—a little heart's-ease in her fall.

THE NEW MELUSINA.

A Tale: from the German of Goethe.

BY J. H. HOPKINS,

(Translator of Goethe's *Autobiography*.)

PART II.

My wife was always welcomed at such pleasure-parties, and her society was ever keenly desired both by gentlemen and ladies. An affectionate, insinuating manner, united to a certain dignity, endeared her to every one, while at the same time it won their esteem. Moreover she played the lute splendidly, and sang besides, and all our social evenings were felt to be incomplete, until they had received their crowning charm from her talents.

I will here premise that I have never been able to make much out of music; indeed it rather has a disagreeable effect upon me. Hence my fair one, who had soon remarked this in me, never tried to entertain me in this way, when we were alone; on the other hand she seemed to make up for it in society, where she usually found a crowd of admirers.

And now,—why should I deny it?—our last conversation, in spite of my best inclinations, could not possibly do away with all disagreeable feelings from my mind; indeed, my sensibilities were all strangely out of tune, without my being perfectly conscious of it myself. One evening, when surrounded by a numerous company, the long pent-up ill humor broke loose, and severely was I compelled to suffer in consequence.

Now that I reflect on the subject aright, there is no doubt but that, after that unlucky discovery, I loved my fair one much less, and I was now jealous of her besides,—a thing which had never entered into my head before. One evening at table; when we were sitting diagonally opposite and at some distance from each other, I found myself very pleasantly situated between my neighbors, a couple of ladies, who for some time, had appeared to me quite charming. Amid jesting and flirtation the wine was not spared. Meanwhile, on the other side, a couple of musical amateurs had taken possession of my wife, and contrived to rouse and lead on the company to sing all sorts of songs, both solo and chorus. This put me into a bad humor; the two lovers of the art seemed to me importunately obtrusive, the singing made me feel nervously irritable, and when, at last, they begged

me to give them a few verses in solo, I was actually exasperated, emptied my glass, and set it down on the table again very ungently.

I soon felt myself somewhat softened by the winning ways of my fair neighbors, but it is a bad business for anger, when it is once fairly under weigh. Mine kept on brewing in secret, although everything around should have attuned me to joy and compliance. I, on the contrary, only became the more spiteful, when a lute was brought in, and my fair one accompanied her songs to the admiration of everybody else. Unfortunately a perfect silence was called for; so that now, when I could talk no longer, the tones of her voice gave me the toothache. Was it any wonder, then, that at last the smallest spark was enough to explode the mine?

The fair songstress had just finished a song amid the greatest applause, when she looked at me,—a look full of the truest and deepest love. Unfortunately, her glances made no impression upon me. She remarked that I gulped down one glass of wine, and filled me up another. With the first finger of her right hand raised, she beckoned at me, threatening me in a playful and affectionate manner. "Remember that that is wine!" said she, so softly that no one could hear her but me. "Water is for the Nixen!" cried I. "Dear ladies," said she to my fair neighbors, "pray girdle the cup with all your charms, that it may not be emptied too often." "You will not let yourself be hen-pecked!" whispered one of them in my ear. "What is your will, Madame Dwarf?" exclaimed I, with a violent gesture, which upset the cup of wine. "Here is much spilled!" cried the wondrous beauty, sweeping her hand over the lute-strings, as if she wished to draw the attention of the company from this disturbance to herself, once more. She succeeded in this, the more easily as she stood up, apparently only to obtain a posture more convenient for playing, and thus she continued preluding on her instrument.

When I saw the red wine trickling along over the table-cloth, I came to my senses again. I

perceived how great a fault I had committed, and was cut to the very heart. For the first time the music spoke to me. The first verse she sang was a friendly farewell to the company, while they still felt themselves united by the bond of social feeling. In the following verse our little society seemed to flow as it were asunder; each one felt himself become isolated, separated from the rest,—no one felt as if any longer present with others. But what shall I say of the last verse? It was addressed to me alone,—it was the mournful voice of love-sick affection, taking its departure from wanton ill-humor and insolence.

In gloomy silence I drove her home, and expected nothing good for myself. But scarcely had we reached our chamber, when she showed herself in the highest degree affectionate and gracious, and even somewhat roguish, and made me the happiest of all men.

The next morning I said to her, in a voice full of trust and love: "You have so often sung at the request of a pleasant company, as, for instance, that touching 'Farewell Song,' yester-evening: sing me now, for my sake, a sprightly, joyous 'Welcome to this morning hour,' so that it may be to us as the day when we first saw each other."

"I cannot do that, my friend," replied she, in earnest tone. "That song of yester-evening refers to our separation, which must take place immediately: for I can only say to you, that the injury you have done me, contrary to your promise and your oath, brings after it the most fatal consequences for us both; you have jested away a great happiness, and I also must renounce my dearest wishes!"

When, hereupon, I fell upon her neck, and implored her to explain herself more fully, she replied: "Alas! I may well do that, for there is now an end of my living with you. Hear also that which I should rather have concealed from you as long as possible. That form, in which you saw me in the little box, is in reality native and natural to me: for I am of the race of King Eckwald, the mighty Prince of the Dwarfs, of whom veracious histories relate so many exploits. Our nation is still ever, as of old, active and industrious, and hence, also, easy to govern. But you must not suppose that the Dwarfs are behind the age in their labors. Swords, which surely struck the enemy at whom they were thrown, invisible chains of mysterious strength, shields that could not be pierced,—these and such-like were formerly their most famous works. But now they busy themselves principally with articles of convenience and ornament, and here they surpass all the other nations of the earth. You would be astonished, if you should pass through our workshops and warehouses. This would all be well

enough, if a peculiar conjuncture had not overtaken the whole nation generally, and the royal family in particular."

As she here was silent for a moment, I besought her for a further revelation of these strange mysteries,—a request with which she immediately complied.

"It is known," said she, "that God, as soon as he had created the world, so that all the land was dry, and the mountain ranges stood up mighty and magnificent,—that God, I say, then created the little Dwarfs first of all creatures, a race of intelligent beings, who should admire and honor his wondrous works in the interior of the earth, in subterranean galleries and clefts of the rocks. Moreover, it is known that this little race became afterwards puffed up, and thought to arrogate to itself the dominion of the whole earth; for which reason, God then created the Dragons, in order to keep the Dwarfs within their mountains. But since the Dragons used to nestle themselves even in the larger caves and chasms, and live there, and some of them also did spit fire, and caused much other damage, the little Dwarfs were thereby supplied with abundant tribulation and trouble, to such a degree, that they were at their wit's end, and therefore, humbly and with tears, they turned them unto God the Lord, and cried unto him, praying that he would destroy this unclean race of the Dragons. Now although, in his wisdom, he would not decree the annihilation of his creatures, yet the Lord took so deeply to heart the tribulation of the poor little Dwarfs, that he immediately created the Giants, who should make war upon the Dragons, and if not extirpate them, at least diminish their number."

"But now when the Giants had so easily gotten the better of the Dragons, pride and presumption arose in them also; wherefore they practised many cruelties, but especially against the good little Dwarfs, who then once more turned to the Lord in their trouble. He then, in the mightiness of his power, created the Knights, who should make war upon the Giants and Dragons, and live in a good understanding with the little Dwarfs. Herewith was the work of Creation completed in this direction, and hence it is, that since that time the Giants and the Dragons have always defended each other, as well as the Knights and the Dwarfs. From this you may see, my friend, that we are of the most ancient race in the world, which indeed redounds to our honor, but yet brings with it great difficulties.

"For since nothing in the world can last forever, but everything which has once been great must become small and dwindle away, so we also are in such a condition that, since the creation of the world, we have been always dwindling and growing smaller; but, more than all others, the

royal family, which, on account of the purity of its blood, is first exposed to this our destiny. Therefore, many ages since, our wise philosophers bethought them of this expedient: that from time to time a princess of the royal house should be sent from the mountains out into the world, to connect herself by marriage with some noble Knight, so that the race of the Dwarfs might be again renewed, and redeemed from total decay."

While my fair one was uttering these words in the simplicity of her heart, I looked at her rather suspiciously, for it seemed as if she wished to quiz me a little. As far as her own diminutive descent was concerned, I had no longer any doubt; but her having taken me instead of a Knight, caused me some misgivings, for I knew too much to believe that my ancestors were the immediate creation of God.

Concealing my surprise and my doubts, I asked her in a friendly manner: "But tell me, my dear child, how you came by this large and fully-developed form?—for I know few ladies who could compare with your magnificent figure."

"That you shall learn," replied my fair one. "An old tradition has been handed down in the Councils of the Kings of the Dwarfs, that the taking of this extraordinary step should be postponed as long as possible,—a warning which I think very natural and proper. They would, perhaps, have still longer hesitated to send a princess once more into the world, if my brother, who was born after me, had not turned out to be so small that the nurses lost him out of the swaddling clothes, and no one knows what became of him. Upon this accident, the like of which had never been heard of in the annals of our nation, the wise men were called together, and, to make a long story short, the resolution was taken to send me a courting."

"The resolution!" exclaimed I; "all that will do very well. Men can take a resolution, and some things they can bring to a conclusion; but to give to a little Dwarf a figure like a goddess,—pray how have your wise men brought this about?"

"This also had been already provided for by our ancestors. Among the royal treasures there lay a huge golden ring. I speak of it now as it appeared in my childhood, when it was shown to me, lying in its place; for it is the same which you see here on my finger. And now they went to work in the following fashion: They informed me of all that was before me, and instructed me as to what I should do, and what I should leave undone.

"A costly palace was built, after the model of the favorite summer-residence of my parents, containing a main building, side-wings, and whatever else one could desire. It stood at the en-

trance of a great cleft in the rocks, which is set off in the finest style. On the appointed day, the whole court repaired thither, and my parents with me. The army was paraded, and four-and-twenty priests, not without some difficulty, took up the wonderful ring on a hand-barrow made of precious materials. It was laid down upon the threshold of the building, just inside, where those going in and out are accustomed to tread. Many ceremonies were performed, and after a heart-felt adieu, I advanced to the work. Stepping up, I laid my hand upon the ring, and immediately, in the sight of all, I began to grow. In a few moments I had reached my present size, whereupon I immediately placed the ring upon my finger. Now, in an instant, the windows, doors and gates closed of their own accord, the side-wings withdrew into the main building, and instead of the palace, I found a little box standing beside me, which I immediately took up and carried away with me, not without a feeling of pleasure at being so large and strong; for although I was still a dwarf compared to trees and mountains, rivers and large tracts of country, yet I was already a giant beside the grass and the herbs, but especially when compared with the emmets, with whom we dwarfs do not always stand on the best footing, and are therefore often tormented by them.

"I might tell you many things as to how I fared on my pilgrimage before I found you. Suffice it to say, that I put many to the trial, but I found no one who seemed to me so worthy as yourself to renew and perpetuate the race of the heroic Eckwald."

From time to time, during all these recitals, I had gently wagged, without exactly shaking my head. I asked her various questions, to which I received no very particular answers, but rather learned, to my great sorrow, that after what had happened, she must, of necessity, return to her parents. She hoped, indeed, to return to me again, but now she must inevitably go, or otherwise everything would be lost, for her as well as for me. Our purses would cease to supply us, and no one could tell what all else would happen.

When I learned that our money might fail us, I did not care to inquire further as to what else might happen. I shrugged my shoulders, was silent, and she seemed to understand me.

We packed up together, and got into the carriage, placing on the opposite seat the little box, which, however, I could not yet look upon as a palace. Thus we advanced several stages. Postillions' fare and drink-money were always ready in the pockets on our right and left, and were liberally paid out, until we arrived at last in a mountainous region; and scarcely had we alighted, when my fair one led the way, and I, at her

bidding, followed with the little box. She guided me, by tolerably steep paths, to a spot where a clear spring now leaped down little waterfalls, and now meandered purling through a narrow vale of meadow-land. There she showed me an elevated level space, bade me set the little box down, and then said: "Farewell! you can easily find your way back. Remember me; I hope soon to see you again!"

At this instant it seemed to me as if I could never bear to lose her. She was now in one of her finest days, or, if you will, one of her finest hours. All alone on the green turf with so lovely a being, among grass and flowers, girdled by a boundary of rocks, with the noise of falling waters in the air, what heart could have remained untouched with tender feeling? I would have clasped her hand, I would have embraced her; but she pushed me away, and, although always with love in her manner, she threatened me with great danger if I did not immediately retire.

"Is there no possibility, then," cried I, "that I may remain with you, that you may keep me by your side?" I accompanied these words with such piteously sad gestures and tones of voice, that she seemed agitated, and, after some hesitation, gave me to understand that a continuation of our union was not altogether impossible. Who was more happy then than I? My importunity, which became every moment more vehement, compelled her at last to speak out: and she revealed to me, that if I could resolve to become as small as I had seen her, I could even now remain with her, and enter with her into her palace, her kingdom, and her family. This proposal did not quite please me, yet, at that moment, I could not once dream of turning myself away from her; and, having been now for some short time accustomed to the wonderful, and somewhat inclined to make rash resolutions, I consented, and said she might do with me whatever she would.

I was immediately required to stretch out the little finger of my right hand. She placed hers against it, tip to tip; with her left hand drew off the golden ring smoothly and easily, and slipped it over upon my finger. Scarcely was this done, when I felt a violent pain in that finger, the ring shrunk together, and tortured me horribly. I uttered a loud scream, and involuntarily stretched out my arms on this side and that to feel for my beloved, but she had disappeared. I cannot find words to express to you what were my feelings during this change. All I can say is, that I very soon found myself, in miniature, side by side with my fair one, in a forest of blades of grass. Our joy at seeing each other again, after a short but so singular a separation, or, rather, our re-union without a separation, surpasses all conception. I flung myself upon her bosom; she returned my

caresses; and the little pair were as happy as the larger couple.

With no little inconvenience we now climbed up a hill, for the meadow-grass had become, to us, an almost impenetrable forest. At length, however, we arrived at a bare spot,—and how astonished was I, to see there a vast mass, of regular architecture, in which, nevertheless, I could not help soon recognising the little box, standing in the very spot where I had set it down.

"Go now, my friend, and rap with the ring upon it, and you shall see wonders," said my beloved. I went up, and scarcely had I knocked, when I witnessed, indeed, the greatest miracle. Two side wings moved forward from it of their own accord, and, at the same time, different portions of it fell off like scales and shingles, when, behold! doors, windows, colonnades, and whatever else belongs to a perfect palace, burst at once upon my view!

Whoever has seen one of the ingenious writing-tables manufactured by Röntgen, where, by one movement, many pens and penknives are set in motion, where inkstand and sand-box, pigeon-holes for letters, and secret drawers for money, display themselves all at once, or in rapid succession, such a one, I say, may form some idea of how that palace unfolded itself before me. My sweet companion now led me within. I immediately recognised, in the main saloon, the fire-place that I had formerly seen from above, and the arm-chair in which she had sat. And when I looked up over head, I really thought I could notice some traces of the crack in the cupola through which I had peeped in. I spare you the description of the rest; enough that it was all spacious, expensive, and tasteful. I had hardly recovered from my astonishment, when I heard military music at a distance. My lovelier half leaped for joy, and, with ecstasy in her looks, announced to me the arrival of his majesty, her father. There we stood at the threshold, and beheld a brilliant train deploying from a rocky chasm of considerable size. Soldiers, servants, household officers, and a gleaming *cortège* of courtiers followed, one after another. At last we saw a golden throng, and in the midst of it, the king himself. When the whole array had halted before the palace, the king advanced, with those immediately around him. His tender-hearted daughter hastened to meet him, dragging me along with her; we threw ourselves at his feet: he raised me up very graciously, and, when standing erect, I remarked, for the first time, that I was actually the tallest of stature in all this little world. We went together into the palace, where, in the presence of his whole court, the king bade me welcome in a well-studied speech, in which he expressed his surprise at finding us here, acknowledged me as

his son-in-law, and appointed the morrow for the celebration of our nuptials.

How dreadful were my feelings, all at once, when I heard mention made of marriage! For, hitherto, I had almost as great a horror of it as of music, which latter always seemed to me the most hateful thing on the face of the earth. Those who make music, I used to say, are supposed, in theory at least, to agree with one another, and to play in harmony; for when they have been tuning up long enough, and have lacerated our ears with all sorts of discords, they at length persuade themselves that all is fast and firm, affairs are as they should be, and one instrument agrees exactly with all the rest. The leader of the orchestra himself falls into the happy delusion, and now they go off merrily with a grand crash, which makes the ears of all the hearers tingle for hours. In wedlock, on the contrary, this is never the case. For although it is only a duet, and one would think that two voices or two instruments must certainly be able to agree together, in some measure at least, yet it seldom happens so; for when the husband gives one key-note, the wife chimes in on a higher pitch, and so they proceed from a quiet chamber-voice to the full choral tone, and still on and on in an ever-rising *crescendo*, until at last the instruments themselves, in full blast, cannot follow them. Thus, considering how repugnant even harmonious music is to my ears, it is still less to be supposed that I could endure the discords of married life.

I can relate nothing of all the festivities in which the day was consumed; for I paid very little regard to them. The costly viands, the precious wine, had no relish for me. I was pondering and ruminating what I had to do. And yet there was not much room for meditation. In short, I resolved, as soon as it was night, to be up and off, and conceal myself somewhere or other. Fortunately I reached a little cranny in the stones, into which I forced myself, and hid myself as well as I could. After so doing, my first endeavor was to take the unlucky ring from my finger, but in this I failed altogether; for I could not but feel that, as soon as I tried to draw it off, it shrunk to narrower dimensions than before. This caused me intense pains, which ceased immediately, however, as soon as I desisted from my undertaking.

I awoke early in the morning,—for my little diminutive person had slept very soundly,—and wished to look about me somewhat further, for it was beginning to rain overhead. Through grass, leaves and flowers, the rain came down, in size like gravel and pebble-stones; but how startled was I, when everything around me became alive and crawling, and an endless army of emmets poured down upon me! Scarce had I perceived

them, ere they had seized me on all sides, and, although I defended myself immediately with vigor and no little courage, yet at last they swarmed over me, pinched and tortured me to such a degree, that I was glad when I heard myself summoned to surrender at discretion. I actually did surrender, and that without loss of time: whereupon an ant of remarkable stature approached me with courtly dignity and even reverence, and then commended himself to my favor. He gave me to understand that the ants had become the allies of my father-in-law, and that, in the present instance, he had called upon them and ordered them to fetch me home. I was now a small prisoner, in the hands of those who were still smaller. I saw matrimony before me, and could not but feel thankful that my father-in-law was not enraged, nor my fair one in the sulks.

Suffer me to pass over all the ceremonies in silence; enough, we were married! Merrily and cheerfully as everything went with us, yet nevertheless there were lonely hours in which I was led to sober reflection, and something happened me that had never happened me before; what this was, and how it came about, you shall now learn.

Everything around me was perfectly proportioned to my present size and necessities: the bottles and glasses were accurately commensurate with the capacity of a little drinker, and if anything, these proportions were still more exact than with us. The delicate tit-bits tasted excellently well to my little palate, a kiss from the little mouth of my spouse was but too delicious, and I do not deny that their novelty made all these relative proportions very pleasing. Unfortunately, however, I had not forgotten my former condition. I felt within me a standard of former greatness, which made me uneasy and unhappy. Now, for the first time, I conceived what the philosophers must have meant under the term "Ideals," by which, according to their account, men are so much troubled. I had an ideal of myself, and often, in dreams, seemed to myself to be a giant. Suffice it to say that my wife, my ring, my dwarfed form, as well as the many other ties that bound me to my present state, made me perfectly unhappy, so that at last I began in earnest to meditate upon my deliverance.

Being convinced that all the hidden magic lay in the ring, I resolved to file it in two. I therefore stole some files from the court-jeweller. Luckily I was left-handed, and had never done anything properly with my right hand in my life. I persevered courageously in this labor; and it was no slight job, for the little golden hoop, thin as it looked, had become dense in proportion as it had shrunk from its original size. All my leisure hours I devoted to this work, without being observed; and

I was considerate enough, as soon as the metal was filed nearly through, to step out of doors. This was wisely thought of: for all at once the golden ring sprang with great force from my finger, and my figure shot up aloft with such violence that I really thought I should knock my head against the heavens. If I had remained in doors, I should at all events have burst through the cupola of our summer-palace, if not destroyed the whole building by my rash awkwardness.

Here then I stood once more, larger than ever, indeed, but, as it seemed to me, only so much the more stupid and awkward. On recovering from my stupor I saw a money-box standing near me, which on taking it up, I found to be pretty heavy, so I carried it down the foot-path to the hotel where we last stopped. Here I ordered the horses immediately, and drove off. On the road I tried the virtue of the pockets on either side. Instead of money, which seemed to be all gone, I found a little key. This belonged to my money-box, in which I found a tolerable reimbursement for my disappointment. As long as this lasted, I rode in my carriage; after a while I was obliged to sell this in order to pay my fare in the ordinary post-coach. The money-box I at last broke to pieces in a rage, because I could not help thinking that it ought to have filled again of its own accord. And thus, though by a rather round-about road, I finally found myself walking into the same tavern, and entering into a conversation with the cook by the same fire-place where I stood when I first introduced myself to your acquaintance."

In order to complete the history of this singular but charming tale, allow me to quote a few passages from the beginning of the Eleventh Book of the Autobiography.

"After I had finished my story in the bower at Sesenheim, in which I had pleasantly enough mingled the ordinary with the impossible, I saw that my fair hearers, who before had seemed especially interested, were quite fascinated with the strange narrative. They begged me earnestly to write it out for them, so that they might often read it over to themselves and to others. I promised to do so the more willingly, as by that means I hoped to find an excuse for a repetition of my visit, and opportunity for a more intimate acquaintance with them. The circle broke up for a moment, and all might have felt that, after so exciting a day the evening would be somewhat dull. My friend relieved me from anxiety on this head, by asking permission for us to take leave at once, because he, as an industrious and attentive academician,

wished to pass the night in Drusenheim, and to be at Strasburg early the next morning.

"We both reached our lodgings in silence; I because I felt a barbed hook in my heart, which was drawing me back, and he, because he had something else in mind which he imparted to me as soon as we had arrived.

"It is strange," he began, "that you fell upon this very story. Did you not perceive that it made a peculiar impression?"

"Certainly," I answered, "how could I help perceiving that at some places the elder sister laughed more than was natural, and the younger shook her head; that you looked significantly at each other, and you yourself almost lost your self-possession. I do not deny that it nearly put me out of my story; for it occurred to me that perhaps it was improper to tell the good children silly things of which they had better remain ignorant, and to give them such mean ideas of men as they must necessarily form of the adventurer."

"Not at all," he replied; "you do not guess it, and how should you? The good children are not by any means so ignorant of such things as you suppose, for the society around them gives abundant occasion for reflection; besides, just over the Rhine there is exactly such a married pair as you, in your exaggerated and fabulous style, described. The husband just as big, solid, and clumsy; and the wife small and pretty enough for him to carry her in his hand. Their whole relation and history suit your narrative so precisely, that the girls asked me seriously if you knew the persons, and described them in jest; I assured them that you did not, and you will do well to leave the story unwritten. By delays and pretences we will find an excuse."

"I was surprised: for I had thought of no married pair on either bank of the Rhine, nor could I ever have told how the story had occurred to me. In fancy I like to amuse myself with such things, without reference to any one, and I supposed it would be so with others, when I told my tales to them."—*Autobiog. of Goethe*, part iii., pp. 1, 2.

When one compares such an account as this of a visit to a family in the country, and then looks upon the way in which such social meetings are carried on among us, it is impossible to avoid longing that a little infusion of German head and German heart may at length find its way into the rapid flatness of American society in general. Soon may it come, and may the sum of human happiness increase with it!



THE SEAMSTRESS.

BY MRS. JANE C. CAMPBELL.

"CLARA, I wish you would assist me with this sewing; Miss Grey was not well yesterday, and I fear will not be able to come here to-day."

"And do you wish me to take her place, and turn seamstress? No, no, aunt Letty, I dislike sewing; plain sewing is horribly vulgar, and besides I've no time; after taking my Italian lesson I will finish one more row on my worsted netting, and then I must dress for a walk. I do n't know why Mary Grey has those everlasting headaches; people who live by their needle should act differently; she knows ma' will be disappointed if she is not here, and I think she might have exerted herself a little to oblige ma'."

"You cannot be so unreasonable as to wish her to work when she is unable to do so."

"Unable! I believe half the time she is only putting on airs; and it is pa's fault, for he treats Mary as if she were an equal, instead of an old maid who is paid by the day for plain sewing!"

"Clara! Clara! I am grieved to hear you talk so unfeelingly. From your cradle you have been surrounded by luxury, every wish has been gratified, and just in proportion as you have been removed above the toiling thousands around you, in just such proportion you have become pampered and selfish."

"I wish no lectures, aunt Letty. Your sympathy for the single sisterhood is not to be wondered at; old maids—pshaw!"

The young lady took her lesson, finished her row of netting, dressed herself with extreme care, and then went out to walk.

Clara's mother was out of town, and the duty of superintending the household concerns devolved wholly on aunt Letty. Indeed, this was no rare occurrence, for her sister-in-law, when in town, was obliged to receive and return so many visits, that—"Letty, will you give orders to cook this morning—Letty, will you help Miss Grey with this sewing—Letty, will you stay in the nursery until the baby goes to sleep, the little thing does not like nurse, and I am engaged for the evening"—requests that had first been made in a gentle, insinuating manner, as if a favor would be granted if aunt Letty complied with them, were now equal to commands, when uttered by Mrs. Alexander Boardman to her husband's sister.

Whilst thoughts of her own happy girlhood were thronging round her heart, aunt Letty felt that she was indeed an old maid, as with tears blinding her eyes she sat down alone to "stitch, stitch, stitch," for her brother's wife.

From the death of her aged mother, Letitia Boardman had resided with her only brother, a wealthy merchant. Affectionately attached to his sister, Mr. Boardman always wished her to act as if his house were her own, and, daily engaged in business, he knew not but his dear Letty was happy as he desired she should be. Of the many services looked for as a matter of course by Mrs. Boardman, and exacted as a right from the "old maid" by Clara, he knew nothing, for his sister would not stoop to complain, nor did she wish to wound his feelings by showing him how matters really stood.

"Is not Miss Grey here to-day?" inquired Mr. Boardman of his sister, when they sat down to dinner, "I thought you told me she would remain for two weeks, Letty."

"She was not well yesterday, and was obliged to go home, and I fear is no better to-day, or she would have been here."

"Poor thing," said Mr. Boardman, compassionately, "You must go and see her after dinner, Clara; perhaps she wants something that we can send her."

Clara looked up with a flushed face. "Go and see her; go and see Mary Grey, pa'?"

"Yes, that is what I said; you look surprised—what do you mean, Clara?"

"Nothing—but—I think Duncan might go instead of me."

"But I wish you to go, and not your maid."

"Well, pa, this is so strange; I don't know where Mary lives, and it is certainly more fitting that Duncan should visit our seamstress, than that I should go trudging into some out-of-the-way street to look after her."

Mr. Boardman gave one long, searching look at his daughter, and, without replying to her, he turned to his sister.

"Letty, dear, you will see Miss Grey this afternoon; if she requires medical advice let Dr. Walker go to her immediately. When I return in the evening we will consult together how we may best benefit her without wounding her delicacy of feeling."

Pained by Clara's exhibition of unfeeling pride, Mr. Boardman found that he had committed a great error; he had left his daughter's education, and her moral training, wholly to the mother, and to teachers of her mother's selection, without pausing to think whether the mother was fitted for the holy duty entrusted to her. He resolved in future to watch more carefully the temper and the habits of his child, while he comforted himself with the thought that Clara was barely seventeen, and that it would be easy to uproot from her young heart the tares of pride and selfishness.

"Well, Letty, have you seen Miss Grey?"

"Yes, she was quite ill when I went there, and there was no one with her but her nephew. I sent him for the doctor, who administered some medicine, and when I came home I left Betty to stay with Miss Grey until to-morrow."

"You did quite right, quite right, dear sister, and now, if you will step into the store-room you will find some fresh fruit I ordered while you were out; select the finest and send it to Miss Grey."

As her aunt left the room, Clara curled her lip contemptuously, and wondered why her father took so much interest in the seamstress, the stiff old maid! Mr. Boardman saw the look, and with some severity he said: "Clara, I am surprised at

the manner in which you conduct yourself when Miss Grey is spoken of, and I wonder that you have so little consideration for the feelings of others, I might say, so little good breeding, as to speak of unmarried women by the sneering title of 'old maids,' in the presence of your aunt Letty."

"Oh, pa', I can't bear them. They are all so queer and fidgetty, and they dress so oddly, their clothes are never in the present fashion, but look as if made ten years ago at least. What a fright Miss Grey is sometimes, with her old-fashioned white cambric gown, and her hair frizzed, and that everlasting gold locket, and her stately manner, as if she fancied herself some grand lady, instead of what she is, a mere sewing woman, hired at so much a day."

"Your prejudices are unreasonable, Clara; there are quite as many married women who are 'queer and fidgetty,' as you term it, quite as many who 'dress oddly,' as there are of women who remain single. The mere fact of her being married, is certainly no proof of a woman's superiority over those of her sex who do not enter into the marriage state, for it is as undeniable that many commonplace, silly women, have husbands, as that many richly-gifted, estimable women, have none. If we could look into the past history of those whom you call 'old maids,' what lessons of self-sacrifice might we not read there. The heart of one lies in the grave of the betrothed of her youth—that of another gave its all of love to one unworthy of the gift—another still, has laid the fondest wishes of her life upon the altar of duty."

"Oh, pa', you find excuses for them because aunt Letty is one; but they are all disagreeable, I do n't believe one of them ever had an offer."

Mr. Boardman was vexed at the flippant tone of his daughter. He had been proud of her personal appearance, proud of her graceful manner, proud of her accomplishments, without knowing whether the cultivation of her mind kept pace with these outward adornments.

"Clara," said he, "I have a story to tell you, which may serve to make you less unjust in your opinions; come and sit beside me. You know the beautiful house that you have admired so often, and that I promised I would tell you all about some day or other."

"Yes, yes, I know—Mrs. Dashington lives in it now."

"That house was once owned by a gentleman possessing a large capital, and having business transactions with many of the most influential houses abroad. His numerous vessels traded to foreign ports, bringing him profitable returns on their various cargoes, and he was, in the fullest sense of the term, a prosperous man. His family consisted of a wife, and two daughters. The sisters had in all respects equally shared the love of

their parents. They were both beautiful, both highly accomplished, but their characters and dispositions were as opposite as their persons. The elder of the two was fair and delicate, rather *petite*, and of mild and gentle manners,

'A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye.'

"The younger was of a proud and commanding figure. Her rich tresses were folded smoothly on her forehead, and gathered in a low knot on her beautifully-formed head, while her dark eyes flashed with the light of a haughty and unsubdued spirit. They were surrounded by all the elegancies of life, caressed by a large circle of gay friends, and sought in marriage by many who knew they were to inherit large fortunes.

"Among the occasional visitors at the hospitable house of the merchant, was a young clergyman, who had charge of a country parish, with the *en-viable* salary of five hundred dollars a year. A man of polished manners and refined mind, he found much that was congenial in the society of the merchant's eldest daughter, nor could he help observing that she regarded him with kindness. But he never dreamed that she could be his wife, and when he found that love had stolen into the place of friendship, he absented himself from the house, and strove, in the strict discharge of his duties, to conquer a passion that to him appeared hopeless.

"The last man to whom the merchant would have given his youngest daughter, was the very one she had chosen for a husband, and no entreaties of her parents could induce her to pause ere she gave her final decision. With the same obstinacy which had always appeared when her pleasure or her will were to be gratified, Adelaide assured her parents that she would never marry any other than Vincent Barckley. Fearing that his daughter might be married clandestinely, the merchant unwillingly gave his consent to the union.

"As long as Mary hoped to influence her sister, and deter her from committing an act which she feared would bring sorrow and anguish to their happy home, so long did she plead and entreat Adelaide, to wait one year before she wedded. But when Mary found her sister's resolution was not to be shaken, then in her own loving hopeful manner did she strive to smooth all difficulties, and endeavor to persuade her parents and herself that Vincent Barckley might be a better man than the world thought he was. Mary could not deny that there was a charm and elegance in his manner well calculated to fascinate a gay and thoughtless girl; but to her it seemed false and hollow; there was no heart-warmth, none of that open manliness of character which wins upon a nature frank and confiding as its own. She had never liked him from the first. There was that involuntary

repulsion, for which she could not account, and which it was impossible to overcome. She strove to reason on the subject, but feeling was stronger than reason. She blamed herself for being prejudiced, and uncharitable, and now that Barckley was the affianced of her sister, Mary tried more than ever to get rid of her distrust.

"The wedding was what is called a 'brilliant affair.' By the guests, Mr. and Mrs. Barckley were declared to be formed for each other, and, judging from outward appearances, there seemed to be nothing wanting to complete their happiness. Soon after their marriage, Adelaide and her husband went abroad, and passed their first winter together in the giddy vortex of Parisian gayety.

"The admiration excited by her grace and beauty, where there were so many graceful and beautiful women to contest the palm, gave a still greater impetus to her vanity, and the richest dresses, and most costly ornaments, were ordered without any regard to outlay, that she might retain the epithet of 'queenly,' bestowed upon her by her admirers.

"She enjoyed but little of her husband's society, as it would have been in shocking bad taste for a husband to be caught, in a fashionable circle, paying any little civilities or attentions to his wife, and so she was frequently left to the charge of Monsieur De L'Orme, who performed the part, without receiving the name, of *cavalier servente*. Mr. Barckley was, of course, at liberty to lavish his smiles and his politeness on any lady who, for the moment, he thought the most agreeable, and in one successive round of amusements was spent the first winter in Paris.

"In the spring, Adelaide wrote to her parents that her husband and herself had decided on staying abroad another year. They were to spend the summer months at Baden, and would return in winter to the French capital. The letter closed with a request for a large remittance, as Mr. Barckley had been disappointed in receiving the money he expected from his agent at home. The remittance was sent, and her father wrote kindly, yet firmly, of the necessity there was for prudence and economy. The only remark made by Adelaide, as she put down her father's letter, was, 'Economy! what a vulgar word, it is tantamount to parsimony!' Once more in the gay circle of her admirers, Adelaide strove to forget the many unpleasant scenes with her husband, which had occurred during their late tour, when they had been obliged, in travelling, to spend not only hours but days together. Too proud to let the world suspect she was unhappy, no voice was more cheerful than hers, and no smile was brighter, as she returned the salutations that greeted her re-appearance. She had married Vincent Barckley wilfully, and what had been his great attraction?

She blushed as her heart answered the question. The attraction had been, not his gifted intellect, not his moral worth; but his fine person, and his graceful manners.

"Alas, alas, how beauty of person becomes positive deformity, when it is found to be but the covering for a corrupt mind. Admiration of the beautiful, love for it in every variety in which it is presented to us, seems to be an innate feeling of our nature. We gaze on a lovely picture, or a noble statue, with emotions akin to reverence; and when we look admiringly on the living beauty of one made in the likeness of God, how are we shocked to discover that the beauty is that of Lucifer, fair as the morning without, and dark as the midnight within.

"Although Adelaide was too proud to betray her unhappiness to the world, the world is generally clear-sighted enough in discovering faults, follies, and misfortunes, and equally loud-mouthed in noising them abroad.

"Nor was there wanting matter for the tongue of scandal, when it was known that Mr. Barekley had eloped with the wife of a young officer who had been his most intimate friend, and who had frequently loaned him money to pay his debts of honor at Frescati's.

"Adelaide was humbled. She had been wounded, not in her affections, but in her pride. Her haughty spirit would have borne much could it have been concealed; but that her friends should see another preferred by her husband to herself, that they should know she had no power over his heart, this was indeed humiliating!

"And what would be said at home? How could she who had left it an envied bride, return a deserted wife? And how could she remain abroad without the means of living as she had done hitherto? In the last letters from her sister, Mary had plainly spoken of embarrassment in her father's affairs, and begged her to be more prudent.

"In this state of suffering, and while uncertain how to act, Adelaide was forced to listen to words of condolence from women who had envied her superior attractions, and who were secretly glad of her misfortunes.

"From De L'Orme she met with the kindest sympathy. His manner toward her was gentle, and reserved, as if fearful of wounding her delicacy by obtruding himself upon her notice. Her every look was studied, her every wish anticipated, and feeling the need of some friend on whom she might rely, she was grateful to him for his kindness.

"In less than a month after being deserted by her husband, another letter from home told of the dangerous illness of her mother, and that her father was on the eve of bankruptcy. The shock was great.

"De L'Orme was with her when she received the letter, and her agitation on reading it was too great to be concealed. In a subdued and earnest tone he begged to know the cause of her distress. Was he not her friend? Was he not entitled to her confidence? Glad of sympathy, and regarding him as a man of true honor, she told him the state of her father's affairs, and her own perplexity. De L'Orme listened with deep and quiet attention, and when Adelaide paused, he sat silent for some minutes, without offering either condolence or advice. Then, suddenly, as if waking from a reverie, he said in an agitated tone, while he took her hand and pressed it softly in his own, 'My dear Mrs. Barekley, will you confide in me?'

"'There is no one else in whom I can confide. O, De L'Orme, among all the hollow smiles that day after day are given me, all the hollow professions to which I listen from those who triumph in my misery, how thankful is my poor heart that in this strange land I have still one friend.'

"'Adelaide, dearest,' said De L'Orme, passionately, 'you have spoken truly—you have one friend—a friend who loves you—who has long loved you—who will protect you while he has life—shall it not be so, my Adelaide?'

"Starting as if stung by a serpent, Adelaide sprang from her seat, and was about to leave the room without speaking. Misinterpreting her silence, De L'Orme followed and endeavored to detain her.

"'Touch me not, De L'Orme,' said Adelaide, with quivering lip, while neck, cheek, brow, were crimsoned with shame and indignation, 'touch me not, my confidence has been misplaced; but from you, De L'Orme, from you, should not have come this added humiliation.'

"'Listen to me, Adelaide. Your husband has, left you alone and unprotected, he has broken the vows that made you his, and you are free. I will be to you—'

"The unhappy woman turned on him a look of proud and stern reproach, yet so mournful withal, that De L'Orme's eyes fell beneath her gaze, and he was too much confused to proceed.

"When he looked up she was gone. In her own chamber all Adelaide's assumed composure vanished. She threw herself on a couch and gave way to an agony of tears. Her pride had hitherto supported her. Though all her misfortunes none had dared by word, or look, to treat her with undue familiarity, and now the only one in whom she had confided, was the first to make her feel how utterly defenceless and humiliating was her present position. Anything else she might have borne, rather than return alone to the home she had left so proudly, almost triumphantly. De L'Orme wrote repeatedly, but his letters were returned unopened, and with all speed Adelaide pre-

pared to leave Paris. Her maid accompanied her to Havre, and was there dismissed; and alone and unattended, Adelaide embarked on board the packet. The weather was stormy, the voyage long and wearisome, and her health began to give way. Oh, how the stricken one longed for home! When she had landed and procured a carriage, she gave the driver her father's address, and in a state of nervous anxiety threw herself back in the seat, and tried to think how it would look at home.

"The day was drawing to a close, and the streets were thronged with multitudes all hurrying homeward. The laborer, with his weary frame and toil-stained garments, and the successful money-maker, with his self-satisfied bearing and fine apparel, were jostling each other in their eager haste. Their object was the same—to reach their home—how widely different!

"With a beating heart Adelaide ascended the steps of her father's house. It had a strange, deserted look. There were no lights in the drawing-room, and the servant who opened the door was not old Hector, who had been in the family since her childhood. She was passing through the hall without speaking, when the servant asked 'who she wished to see?'

"'Miss G——,' replied Adelaide, 'is she not at home?'

"'She does not live here, madam.'

"'Not live here! this is Mr. G——'s residence, is it not?'

"The servant hesitated a moment, and then answered, 'It was, madam, but Mr. G—— moved away two weeks ago.'

"Adelaide was stunned, and leaned against the wall for support.

"'Can you tell me where he has removed to?'

"The man gave her the direction, and with sad forebodings Adelaide turned from the home of her happy years. She could scarcely believe that the humble-looking tenement to which she had been directed could be the shelter of her parents and her sister. Parents! alas, she had but one. A week before her arrival her mother had died, even while praying that she might be spared to see her child. The shock of meeting her family under such altered circumstances preyed upon Adelaide's already enfeebled frame, and in four months after her return she was laid beside her mother, leaving an infant of two weeks old to the care of her sister.

"From the moment that misfortune overtook the once prosperous merchant, Herman Hope, the young clergyman to whom I have alluded, was a constant visitor when in the city. It was he who stood by the bedside of Adelaide's mother, when death released her from her sorrows, and it was his voice which repeated at the grave the blessed words, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' It

was he who poured the baptismal water on the brow of Adelaide's child, and, in her conflict with the King of Terrors, administered the consolations of religion to Adelaide herself. It was he who whispered comfort and resignation to the sadly-stricken survivors, showing them that the 'Lord loveth whom he chasteneth,' and that 'those outward afflictions which are but for a moment, worketh for us an exceeding weight of glory.'

"Herman Hope was the last of a family who had one by one passed away, with a beaming of the eye and a burning of the cheek which was beautiful to the last. Often had Mary trembled as the azure veins in his forehead grew more transparent, and the bright flush came and went more rapidly; but Herman, buoyed by the hope of calling her his wife, gave no heed to the disease stealing stealthily upon him. The knowledge came too soon. The physician told them his only hope for Herman's recovery was in a winter's residence at Santa Cruz.

"Poor Mary! how many a wakeful, tearful night, she spent in preparing the many little things a woman's love deems necessary for the comfort of an invalid. She could not go with him, and smooth his pillow, and day by day watch beside him, speaking tender words of love and hope. Her father, and her sister's helpless infant, claimed her care; and commending her betrothed to the protection of Him who watches over all his creatures, she turned to her home-duties with a feeling of loneliness greater than she had ever known before.

"Mary received a letter from her lover soon after his arrival. It was written in that glad and buoyant tone which always marks the renewed health of one who has been suffering from illness, and who feels the life-current once more flowing warmly through his veins.

"And now Mary's step grew lighter, and her heart-pulse beat quicker, as she played with the child, or administered some gentle restorative to her parent. It was time that she should receive another letter, but when none came, she thought it was because Herman wished to surprise her with his presence, and daily did she picture their happiness when he should again be at her side. Nestle a little longer, thou bright-winged angel of hope, nestle a little longer in the maiden's heart! A little longer let her dream, for hers will be a fearful waking! The beloved—the betrothed—has passed away to the Silent Land, and she sat not by him when the dark angel veiled his eyes in shadow—she kissed not his last breath, when the bright angel bore his soul to bliss. A lock of hair! a ring! and these are all that is left! Precious mementos of the dead, to be laid aside sacredly, to be wept over in secret, to be kissed by the lips, to be pressed to the heart until the hand can no longer clasp its treasures! Of Mary's sorrow I may not speak. It

would be profanation. A wife bereaved of her husband, has no need to hide her grief. But a maiden bereaved of her betrothed, must fold the agony in her own heart; maidenly delicacy prompts her to hide all sign of grief, and only in solitude can her pent-up feelings have vent in tears.

"Notwithstanding Mary's strict economy, the little that had been spared her father by his creditors was nearly spent, and the time she could steal from attendance on him, and the child, was given to her needle.

"Many a beautifully embroidered fabric was admired by her former associates, without their being aware that to the merchant's daughter was due the praise so freely given.

"A few years more, and Mary was left alone with the child. She still toiled on, though, owing to the failure of her eye-sight, she had ceased to embroider, and was obliged to resort to plain sewing to earn a subsistence. Some of her former friends wished to aid her, but she gently refused their kindness, and for fourteen years she has maintained herself and the orphan boy."

Mr. Boardman paused, and Clara eagerly asked, "Where is she now, papa? What is her name? How I should like to see such a woman! And she never got married? What a pity!" (Clara seemed to think that woman's only mission was the mission matrimonial.) "Well, I should like to see her, though. Do you know where she lives, papa?"

"Yes, and if you had gone where I requested you to yesterday, you would have known too."

"Why pa, it can't be—no, no, it can't be Miss Grey!"

"Yes, Clara, it is Miss Grey of whom I have been speaking, one of the most amiable, suffering, self-sacrificing women I have ever known. Miss Grey, cradled like yourself in luxury, and now your mother's 'sewing woman, hired at so much a day'!"

Clara blushed with shame, and her father proceeded.

"It is a long story I have told you, my daughter, but my feelings were too much interested to allow of my shortening its details. There is a brief tale connected with it which I will also relate to you.

"You remember that I said Mr. Grey had many vessels trading to foreign ports. The mate of one of these vessels was often at the office of the merchant, and sometimes at his house, on business, where he was always received with kindness. Frequently, at dusk, he met a very pretty girl leaving the house, who, he ascertained, did the plain sewing of the family. One evening they chanced to leave the house at the same time, and the mate walked by the young girl's side, and by degrees entered into a conversation with her, which was only interrupted by her stopping before her own door, and thanking him for his civility. He still lingered without bidding her good night, and with some little hesitation she invited him to enter.

"He did so gladly. After one or two more voyages she became his wife. His captain died, and through the kindness of the owner he was promoted to the command of a fine ship. In time he became owner himself of part of her cargo. Fortune smiled upon him, all his investments were profitable, and in a few years he no longer went to sea, but took his place among the wealthiest merchants of the city.

"His wife was a handsome, fashionable woman, and his eldest daughter was in many respects like her mother. The father was fond of his daughter, too fond to see her faults. He did not know how deeply the hateful weed of pride had taken root in her heart, until he heard her speak contemptuously of the class to which her mother had belonged, until he heard her refuse to visit one to whose father her own owed all his prosperity."

"Oh, pa," exclaimed Clara, her face crimsoned with mortification, "oh, pa, it can't be!"

"Yes, Clara, it was from the door of Miss Grey's once elegant home, that your father first walked with the SEAMSTRESS."

THE LAST SABBATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY JULIET A. CHADWICK.

Bedecked with robes of ermine Nature lies,
And smiles in snowy beauty all the day;
Bidding rich incense from her bosom rise,
While unto Heaven she lifts her Sabbath eyes,
And seems to drink the glory of the skies
That flush her cheek as with a summer ray!
While stream and hill and valley seem to say,

Look on us, restless spirit, and be still;
Think'st thou that He who at his gracious will
Thus mantles as 'mid Winter's direst rage,
May not the tempest in thy breast assuage,
And thy sore heart with summer gladness fill?
O well may we a *New Year's* Sabbath greet,
If with responsive souls, we Nature's lesson meet!

FOREST LITERATURE.

—
BY THE EDITOR.
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LITERARY ambition is the last to be awakened in a new state of society. The tangible takes the place of the imaginative to such an extent, that the mere envelopings of our ideas seem of no consequence, provided the ideas themselves have a decided, utilitarian value. The dreams of the poet, capable of bearing up into Elysium the mind prepared for such ministrations, seem utter folly to him whose thoughts are filled with matters of merely outward interest; and the luxuriance of imagery and delicacy of discrimination which can ennoble for the cultivated the description of seemingly common occurrences, are to the rude and ignorant but impertinence and folly. "Where's the use!" say they; "the woods got a-fire,"—or, "the old man could n't stan' it after his darter acted so—and there's an end on't!" The sublime, or the pathetic, as depending on language for their effect, is to them powerless. What is to be seen with the bodily eye, they can see; what is visible only to the eye of mind, and that after special anointing, has to them no existence. The language of passion has some power over them; but it moves them not in proportion to its true expressiveness, but in proportion as it accords with their own habits of expression. Language is an instrument whose higher powers are unrecognised by the illiterate; and it is therefore not to be expected that they should devote much time or thought to it for its own sake.

But there is another view of it which has immense influence with our active and intelligent Western brethren. They perceive plainly that "book-larnin'" is, after all, that which most clearly distinguishes one man or one class of men from another; that which exacts involuntary respect under all circumstances, and even that which confers power and influence in cases where mere bodily ability would be necessarily subservient. To obtain this great good is therefore an object, though the means employed are too often

quite erroneous, and in a majority of instances utterly incompetent and even shabby.

The proverbial shrewdness of our people in all matters of business, makes their conduct when education is in question, really surprising. Even after assent has been obtained to the necessity for some attention to learning, the very moment measures come to be devised, it seems as if the demon of penuriousness had taken possession of all concerned. An election will command money; a new-fangled fanning-mill which promises profit will fetch its price; a fine gown or bonnet will be compassed, in spite of frowns and groans; but a school-house, and, above all, a schoolmaster, gets but the leavings, and that most grudgingly. The school-house, where the children are to pass most of their time, is destitute of every comfort; and the master, ill-paid and ill-kept, must be active and good-humored through pure disinterested benevolence, if he is so at all, for he has none of the stimulants and encouragements that help other men to the performance of duty. All the stories that have ever been told, in fun or in earnest, of the sufferings of schoolmasters, that boarded round and that did not board round, are true to nature, and have been surpassed in point of fact. It is impossible to exaggerate on this subject. A poor young woman told us once, with tears of mortification, that she had been dismissed from her situation as teacher, because she declined sleeping in the same room with a whole family, including the master of the house! and this is no singular case in point of enormity.

Where the teacher is held thus cheap, it is not difficult to infer the prevailing notions as to education. There may be a general idea that learning is a good thing; but *what* learning, and what amount of it may be desirable, is quite another question. To read and write and cipher—all tending directly towards advancement in life—must be advantageous to all; this is a conceded

point. But one step beyond these, opposition begins. That spontaneous Western question—"Where's the use?" always has the very narrowest utilitarian drift, and it is invariably in use when any refinement is proposed. The very shadow of æsthetics frightens the hardy citizen of the new country. We have known a farmer tear up the flower-beds which his wife and daughter had planted about the house in his absence, declaring he would have no such nonsense; and another who said in a similar spirit, of an accomplished person who was proposed as school-inspector, "We do n't want no scholars for school-inspectors; we want plain farmers like ourselves." While this class of sentiment is cherished, anything more than the merest rudiments of education must be of course out of the question; and no one who has become intimately acquainted with the state of things at the West, but must perceive, that while the improvement in physical condition is most marked and cheering, it is none the less true in matters of far higher importance, "*Barbarism*" is still "*the first danger*."* It is well for the American citizen that, owing to the beneficent constitution of our political affairs, there is an education constantly in progress which does not depend on books; but we none the less rejoice in the hopeful aspect of the new enterprise under the care of Gov. Slade and Miss Beecher. To provide instructed teachers of literature and religion for the West, is giving to that land, blessed of Heaven, an opportunity of acquiring what is alone wanting for its perfecting.

Perhaps some of our readers imagine that one must go as far west as the Lake country to find grotesque literary ideas; but we must not leave our beloved back-woods under such an imputation. At a certain county meeting of school-officers, in a region much nearer the great metropolis than that which we have been talking about, the subject of school-books became, as it often does in similar cases, the point of warm discussion; indeed, there seems a vague impression that some books may yet be devised, endowed with a magical power of instruction which may supersede the necessity for any knowledge at all in the teacher. At any rate, at the meeting in question it was pro-

* See the celebrated sermon on this subject, preached before the Home Missionary Society, in May 1847, by Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, Conn.

posed that a *standard* of spelling and pronunciation should be adopted, and that no book should be used, and no teacher employed that did not conform to that standard; in other words, the town officers were to decide on the proper system of spelling and pronouncing the English language, which system was to be received and acknowledged within their bounds as the true one. One of the Board, who, contrary to rule or custom, had some professional knowledge of the subject, suggested that perhaps said Board was not a competent tribunal for the decision of this question; that to fix a standard for the language required no common acquaintance with it; that few persons, however learned, would venture to attempt what the most learned felt to be so difficult; that as the County Board met only at considerable intervals, and then only for an hour or two, while their everyday pursuits were in general far removed from those of a literary character, it would seem hardly likely that their decision in this case would win the assent of the community.

These remarks were received with little favor; and after some short debate the Board finished by voting itself competent, and proceeded forthwith to choose a 'standard.' Here new difficulties arose, since the Board were by no means agreed among themselves as to the matter. Some of the elder members, who did not think the new-fangled ways any improvement, wished to see the books of their youth in the hands of their children; while younger members were for change at any rate, whether for better or worse. But matters were at length harmonized by means of a fortunate suggestion. It was this: that as to the *best* standard, that might be a matter of opinion; an *American* standard was the one thing needful. We were an independent people, and ought of right to have an independent language. Any reference to English standards was decidedly unpatriotic. Webster's mode of spelling, being American, was of course the true one for Americans. This was carried by acclamation, and even our professional friend, overborne by the spirit of the hour, contented himself with a silent vote against this novel mode of settling philological questions. Let us not flatter ourselves, in view of such a scene as this, that the schoolmaster is wanted only at the West.



THE POWER OF LOVE.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

It was one of Ireland's greenest lanes that wound its way down to a rippling brook in the rear of Friend Goodman's house. And there, by a mound of rocks that dipped their mossy feet in the rivulet, Friend Goodman walked slowly, watching for his little daughter, who had been spending the day with some children in the neighborhood. Presently, the small maiden came jumping along, with her bonnet thrown back, and the edges of her soft brown ringlets luminous in the rays of the setting sun. Those pretty curls were not Quakerly; but Nature, who pays no more attention to the regulations of Elders, than she does to the edicts of Bishops, would have it so. At the slightest breath of moisture, the silky hair rolled itself into spirals, and clustered round her pure white forehead, as if it loved the nestling-place. Jumping, likewise, was not a Quakerly proceeding. But little Alice, usually staid and demure, in imitation of those around her, had met with a new companion, whose temperament was more mercurial than her own, and she was yielding to its magnetic influence.

Camillo Campbell, a boy of six years, was the grandson of an Italian lady, who had married an Irish absentee, resident in Florence. Her descendants had lately come to Ireland, and taken possession of estates in the immediate neighbor-

hood of Friend Goodman, where little Camillo's foreign complexion, lively temperament, and graceful broken language, rendered him an object of great interest, especially among the children. He it was with whom little Alice was skipping through the green lane, bright and free as the wind and sunshine that played among her curls. As the sober father watched their innocent gambols, he felt his own pulses quicken, and his motions involuntarily became more rapid and elastic than usual. The little girl came nestling up to his side, and rubbed her head upon his arm, like a petted kitten. Camillo peeped roguishly from behind the mossy rocks, kissed his hand to her, and ran off, hopping first on one foot and then on the other.

"Dost thou like that little boy?" inquired Friend Goodman, as he stooped to kiss his darling.

"Yes, Camillo's a pretty boy, I like him," she replied. Then with a skip and a bound, which showed that the electric fluid was still leaping in her veins, she added, "He's a funny boy, too: he swears *you* all the time."

The simple child, being always accustomed to hear thee and thou, verily thought you was a profane word. Her father did what was very unusual with him: he laughed outright, as he replied, "What a strange boy is that!"

"He asked me to come down to the rock and play, to-morrow. May I go, after school?" she asked.

"We will see what mother says," he replied. "But where didst thou meet Camillo?"

"He came to play with us in the lane, and Deborah and John and I went into his garden to see the birds. Oh, he has got such pretty birds! There's a nice little meeting-house in the garden; and there's a woman standing there with a baby. Camillo calls her my donny. He says we must n't play in there. Why not? Who is my donny?"

"The people in Italy, where Camillo used to live, call the mother of Christ Madonna," replied her father.

"And who is Christ?" she asked.

"He was a holy man, who lived a great many years ago. I read to thee one day about his taking little children in his arms and blessing them."

"I guess he loved little children almost as well as thou," said Alice. "But what do they put his mother in that little meeting-house for?"

Not deeming it wise to puzzle her busy little brain with theological explanations, Friend Goodman called her attention to a small dog, whose curly white hair soon displaced the Madonna, and even Camillo, in her thoughts. But the new neighbor, and the conservatory peopled with birds, and the little chapel in the garden, made a strong impression on her mind. She was always talking of them, and in after years they remained by far the most vivid picture in the gallery of childish recollections. Nearly every day, she and Camillo met at the mossy rock, where they planted flowers, and buried flies in clover-leaves, and launched little boats on the stream. When they strolled toward the conservatory, the old gardener was always glad to admit them. Flowering shrubs and gaudy parrots, so bright in the warm sunshine, formed such a cheerful contrast to her own unadorned home, that little Alice was never weary with gazing and wondering. But from all the brilliant things, she chose two Java sparrows for her especial favorites. The old gardener told her they were Quaker birds, because their feathers were all of such a soft, quiet color. Bright little Camillo caught up the idea, and said, "I know what for you so much do like them: Quaker lady-birds they be."

"And she's a Quaker lady-bird, too," said the old gardener, smiling, as he patted her on the head; "she's a nice little lady-bird." Poll Parrot heard him, and repeated, "Lady-bird." Always, after that, when Alice entered the conservatory, the parrot laughed and screamed, "Lady-bird!"

Near the door were two niches partially concealed by a net-work of vines; and in the niches were statues of two winged children. Alice inquired who they were; and Camillo replied, "My

little sister and brother. Children of the Madonna now they is." His mother had told him this, and he did not understand what it meant; neither did Alice. She looked up at the winged ones with timid love, and said, "Why don't they come down and play with us?"

"From heaven they cannot come down," answered Camillo.

Alice was about to inquire the reason why, when the parrot interrupted her by calling out, "Lady-bird! Lady-bird!" and Camillo began to mock her. Then, laughing merrily, off they ran to the mossy rock to plant some flowers the gardener had given them.

That night, while Alice was eating her supper, Friend Goodman chanced to read aloud something in which the word heaven occurred. "I've been to heaven," said Alice.

"Hush, hush, my child," replied her father.

"But I *have* been to heaven," she insisted. "Little children have wings there."

Her parents exchanged glances of surprise, and the mother asked, "How dost thou know that little children have wings in heaven?"

"Because I saw them," she replied. "They wear white gowns, and they are the children of my donny. My donny lives in the little meeting-house in Camillo's garden. She's the mother of Christ that loved little children so much; but she never said anything to me. The birds call me lady-bird, in heaven."

Her mother looked very sober. "She gets her head full of strange things down there yonder," said she. "I tell thee, Joseph, I don't like to have the children playing together so much. There's no telling what may come of it."

"Oh, they are mere babes," replied Joseph. "The my donny, as she calls it, and her doll, are all the same to her. The children take a deal of comfort together, and it seems to me it is not worth while to put estrangement between them. Divisions come fast enough in the human family. When he is a lad, he will go away to school and college, and will come back to live in a totally different world from ours. Let the little ones enjoy themselves while they can."

Thus spoke the large-hearted Friend Joseph; but Rachel was not so easily satisfied. "I don't like this talk about graven images," said she. "If the child's head gets full of such notions, it may not prove so easy to put them out."

Truly, there seemed some ground for Rachel's fears; for whether Alice waked or slept, she seemed to live in the neighbor's garden. Sitting beside her mother, in the silent Quaker meeting, she forgot the row of plain bonnets before her, and saw a vision of winged children through a veil of vines. At school, she heard the old green parrot scream, "Lady-bird!" and fan-tailed doves

and Java sparrows hopped into her dreams. She had never heard a fairy story in her life; otherwise, she would doubtless have imagined that Camillo was a prince, who lived in an enchanted palace, and had some powerful fairy for a friend.

* * * * *

It came to pass as Joseph had predicted. These days of happy companionship soon passed away. Camillo went to a distant school, then to college, and then was absent awhile on the Continent. It naturally happened that the wealthy Catholic family had but little intercourse with the substantial Quaker farmer. Years passed without a word between Alice and her former playfellow. Once, during his college life, she met him and his father on horseback, as she was riding home from meeting, on a small gray mare her father had given her. He touched his hat and said, "How do you do, Miss Goodman?" and she replied, "How art thou, Camillo?" His father inquired, "Who is that young woman?" and he answered, "She is the daughter of Farmer Goodman, with whom I used to play sometimes when I was a little boy." Thus like shadows they passed on their separate ways. He thought no more of the rustic Quaker girl, and with her the bright picture of their childhood was like the remembrance of last year's rainbow.

But events now approached, which put all rainbows and flowers to flight. A Rebellion broke out in Ireland, and a terrible civil war began to rage between Catholics under the name of *Pikemen*, and Protestants under the name of *Orangemen*. The Quakers, being conscientiously opposed to war, could not adopt the emblems of either party, and were of course exposed to the hostility of both. Joseph Goodman, in common with others of his religious persuasion, had always professed to believe, that returning good for evil was a heavenly principle, and therefore safe policy. Alice had received this belief as a traditional inheritance, without disputing it, or reflecting upon it. But now came times that tested faith severely. Every night they retired to rest with the consciousness that their worldly possessions might be destroyed by fire and pillage before morning, and perhaps their lives sacrificed by infuriated soldiers. At the meeting-house, and by the way-side, earnest were the exhortations of the brethren to stand by their principles, and not flinch in this hour of trial. Joseph Goodman's sermon was brief and impressive. "The Gospel of Love has power to regenerate the world," said he; "and the humblest individual, who lives according to it, has done something for the salvation of man."

His strength was soon tried; for the very next day a party of *Pikemen* came into the neighbor-

hood and set fire to all the houses of the *Orangemen*. Groans, and shrieks, and the sharp sound of shots, were heard in every direction. Fierce men rushed into their peaceful dwelling, demanding food, and ordering them to give up their arms.

"Food I will give, but arms I have none," replied Joseph.

"More shame for you!" roared the commander of the troop. "If you can't do anything more for your country than that, you may as well be killed at once, for a coward as you are."

He drew his sword, but Joseph did not wink at the flash of the glittering blade. He looked him calmly in the eye, and said, "If thou art willing to take the crime of murder on thy conscience, I cannot help it. I would not willingly do harm to thee, or to any man."

The soldier turned away abashed, and putting his sword into the scabbard, he muttered, "Well, give us something to eat, will you?"

The hours that followed were frightful with the light of blazing houses, the crash of musketry, and the screams of women and children flying across the fields. Many took refuge in Joseph's house, and he did all he could to soothe and strengthen them.

At sunset, he went forth with his serving-men to seek the wounded and the dead. Along the road and among the bushes, mangled bodies were lying in every direction. Those in whom life remained, they brought with all tenderness and consigned to the care of Rachel and Alice; and, as long as they could see, they gathered the dead for burial. In the evening, the captain of the *Pikemen* returned in great wrath. "This is rather too much," he exclaimed. "We did n't spare your house this morning to have it converted into a hospital for the damned *Orangemen*. Turn out every dog of 'em, or we will burn it down over your heads."

"I cannot stay thy hand, if thou hast the heart to do it," mildly replied Joseph. "But I will not desert my fellow creatures in their great distress. If the time should come when thy party is routed, we will bury thy dead, and nurse thy wounded, as we have done for the *Orangemen*. I will do good to all parties, and harm to none. Here I take my stand, and thou mayest kill me if thou wilt."

Again the soldier was arrested by a power he knew not how to resist. Joseph seeing his embarrassment, added: "I put the question to thee as a man of war: Is it manly to persecute women and children? Is it brave to torture the wounded and the dying? Wouldst thou feel easy to think of it in thy dying hour? Let us part in peace, and when thou hast need of a friend, come to me."

After brief hesitation, the soldier said, "It

would be a happier world if all thought as you do." Then, calling to his men, he said, "Let us be off, boys; there's nothing to be done here."

A fortnight after, triumphant Orangemen came with loud uproar to destroy the houses of the Catholics. It was scarcely day-break when Alice was roused from uneasy slumbers by the discharge of musketry, and a lurid light on the walls of her room. Starting up, she beheld Colonel Campbell's house in a blaze. The beautiful statues of the Madonna and the winged children were knocked to pieces and ground under the feet of an angry mob. Vines and flowers crisped under the crackling flames, and the beautiful birds from foreign climes fell suffocated in the smoke, or flew forth, frightened, into woods and fields, and perished by cruel hands. In the green lane, once so peaceful and pleasant, ferocious men were scuffling and trampling, shooting and stabbing. Everywhere the grass and the moss were dabbled with blood. Above all the din, were heard the shrill screams of women and children; and the mother of Camillo came flying into Joseph's house, exclaiming, "Hide me, oh, hide me!" Alice received her in her arms, laid the throbbing head tenderly on her bosom, put back the hair that was falling in wild disorder over her face, and tried to calm her terror with gentle words. Others came pouring in, and no one was refused shelter. To the women of Colonel Campbell's household Alice relinquished her own little bed-room, the only corner of the house that was not already filled to overflowing. She drew the curtain, that the afflicted ones need not witness the bloody skirmishing in the fields and lane below. But a loud shriek soon recalled her to their side. Mary Campbell had withdrawn the curtain, and seen her husband fall, thrust at by a dozen swords. Fainting-fits and hysterics succeeded each other in quick succession, while Alice and her mother laid her on the bed, and rubbed her hands and bathed her temples. Gradually the sounds of war died away in the distance. Then Joseph and his helpers went forth to gather up the wounded and the dead. Colonel Campbell was found utterly lifeless, and the brook where Camillo used to launch his little boats, was red with his father's blood. They brought him in tenderly, washed the ghastly wounds, closed the glaring eyes, and left the widow and her household to mourn over him. Late in the night they persuaded her to go to rest; and, when all was still, the weary family fell asleep on the floor; for not a bed was unoccupied.

This time they hoped to escape the conquerors' rage. But early in the morning, a party of them came back, and demanded that all the Catholics should be given up to them. Joseph replied as he had done before: "I cannot give up my helpless and dying neighbors, whether they be Pikemen

or Orangemen. I will do good to all, and harm to none, come to me what may."

"That's impartial, anyhow," said the captain. He took some Orange cockades from his pocket, and added, "Wear these, and my men will do you no harm."

"I cannot conscientiously wear one," replied Joseph, "because they are emblems of war."

The captain laughed half scornfully, and handing one to Alice, said, "Well, my good girl, you can wear one, and then you need not be afraid of our soldiers."

She looked very pleasantly in his face and answered, "I *should* be afraid if I did not trust in something better than a cockade."

The leader of the Orangemen was arrested by the same spell that stopped the leader of the Pikemen. But some of his followers, who had been lingering about the door, called out, "What's the use of parleying? Isn't the old traitor nursing Catholics to fight us again when they get well? If he won't serve the government by fighting for us, he will at least do to stop a bullet as well as a braver man. Bring him out, and put him in the front ranks to be shot at!" One of them seized Joseph to drag him away; but Alice laid a trembling hand on his arm, and said, beseechingly, "Before you take him, come and see the wounded Orangemen, with their wives and children, whom my father and mother have fed and tended night and day." A pale figure, with bandaged head and one arm in a sling, came forth from an adjoining room and said, "Comrades, you surely will not harm these worthy people. They have fed our children and buried our dead, as if we were their own brothers." The soldiers listened, and, suddenly changing their mood, went off shouting, "Hurrah for the Quakers!"

Some days of comparative quiet followed. Colonel Campbell was buried in his own garden, with as much deference to the wishes of his widow as circumstances would permit. She returned from the funeral calmer than she had been, and quietly assisted in taking care of the wounded. But when she retired to her little room, and saw a crucifix fastened on the wall at the foot of her bed, she burst into tears and said, "Who has done this?"

Alice gently replied, "I did it. I found it in the mud where the little chapel used to stand. I know it is a sacred emblem to thee, and I thought it would pain thee to have it there; so I have washed it carefully and placed it in thy room."

The bereaved Catholic kissed the friendly hand that had done so kind a deed; and tears fell on it, as she murmured, "Good child! may the Madonna bless thee!"

Balmy is a blessing from any human heart, whether it be given in the name of Jesus or Mary,

God or Allah. Alice slept well, and guardian angels rejoiced over her in heaven.

* * * * *

Success alternated between the contending parties, and kept the country in a state of perpetual alarm. One week the widow of Colonel Campbell was surrounded by victorious friends, and the next week she was in terror for her life. At last, Camillo himself came with a band of successful insurgents. During a brief and agitated interview with his mother, he learned how kindly she had been sheltered in their neighbor's house, and how tenderly the remains of his father had been treated. When she pointed to the crucifix on the wall, and told its history, his eyes filled with tears. "Oh, why cannot we of different faith always treat each other thus?" was his inward thought; but he bowed his head in silence. Hearing loud voices, he started up suddenly, exclaiming, "There may be danger below!" Following the noise, he found soldiers threatening Friend Goodman, who stood with his back firmly placed against the door of an inner room. Seeing Camillo enter, and being aware of the great influence his family had with the Catholics, he said, "These men insist upon carrying out the dying Orangemen who are sheltered here, and compelling me to see them shot. Is it thy will that these murders should be committed?"

The young man took his hand, and in tones of deep respect answered, "Could you believe that I would suffer violence to be done to any under *your* roof, if I had power to prevent it?" Then turning to his soldiers, he said, "These excellent people have injured no one. Through all these troubled times they have been kind alike to Pikemen and Orangemen; they have buried our dead and sheltered our widows. If you have any respect for the memory of my father, treat with respect all who wear the peaceful garb of the Quakers." The men spoke apart for awhile, and soon after left the house.

As Camillo passed by the kitchen door, he saw Alice distributing boiled potatoes to a crowd of hungry children. A soldier stood by her, insisting that she should wear a cross, which was the emblem of the Pikemen. She mildly replied, "I cannot consent to *wear* the cross, but I hope God will enable me to *bear* it." The rude fellow, who was somewhat intoxicated, touched her under the chin, and said, "Come, mavourneen, do be a little more obliging." Camillo instantly seized his arm, and exclaiming, "Behave decently, my lad; behave decently," he led him to the door. As he went, he turned toward Alice with an expression she never forgot, and said, in low deep tones, "Words are poor to thank you for what you have done for my mother."

The next day, when he met Alice walking to meeting, he touched his hat respectfully and said, "I scarcely deem it prudent for you to be in the roads at this time, Miss Alice. Armed insurgents are everywhere abroad; and though there is a prevailing disposition not to injure the Quakers, still many of our men are too desperate to be always controlled."

She smiled and answered, "I thank thee for thy friendly caution; but I trust in the Power that has hitherto protected me."

After a short pause, he said, "Your place of meeting is two miles from here. Where is the horse you used to ride?"

"A soldier took it from me, as I rode from meeting several weeks ago," she replied.

"You see then it is, as I have said, unsafe for you to go," he rejoined. "Had you not better turn back?"

With great earnestness she answered, "Friend Camillo, I cannot otherwise than go. Our people are afflicted and bowed down. The soldiers have nearly consumed our provisions. Our women are almost worn out with the fatigue of constant nursing and perpetual alarms. All are not unwavering in their faith. It is the duty of the strong to sustain the weak; and therefore it is needful that we meet together for counsel and consolation."

The young man looked at her with affectionate reverence. The fair complexion and shining ringlets of childhood were gone, but a serene and deep expression of soul imparted a more elevated beauty to her countenance. He parted from her with a blessing, simply and fervently uttered; but he entered the adjoining fields, and as he walked along he kept her within sight until she arrived safely at the place of meeting. While he thus watched her unseen, he recollected how often his taste had been offended by the quaint awkwardness of the Quaker garb; and uttering aloud the sequel to his thoughts, he said, "But beautiful and graceful will her garments be in heaven."

Soon after this interview, he departed with a strong escort to convey his mother and other Catholic women into a less turbulent district. Alice bade them farewell with undisguised sadness; for we learn to love those whom we serve, and there seemed little probability that they would ever return to reside in that troubled neighborhood.

The next time she saw Camillo, he was brought into her father's house on a litter, senseless, and wounded, as it was supposed, unto death. All the restoratives they could think of were applied, and at last, as Alice bent over him, bathing his temples, he opened his eyes with a dull unconscious stare, which gradually relaxed into a feeble smile, as he whispered, "My Quaker lady-bird." Some hours afterward, when she brought him drink, he gently pressed her hand and said, "Thank you, dear

Alice." The words were simple, but the expression of his eyes and the pressure of his hand sent a thrill through the maiden, which she had never before experienced. That night she dreamed of winged children seen through flowering vines, and Camillo laughed when the parrot called her "Lady-bird."

Sorrow, like love, levels all distinctions, and melts all forms in its fiery furnace. In the midst of sickness and suffering, and every-day familiarity with death, there was small attention paid to customary proprieties. No one heeded whether Camillo were tended by Alice or her mother; but if Alice were long absent, he complained that she came so seldom. As his health improved, they talked together of the flowers they used to plant on the mossy rock, and the little boats they launched on the rippling brook. Sometimes, in their merriest moods, they mocked the laughing of the old green parrot, and the cooing of the fan-tailed doves. Thus walking through the green lanes of their childhood, they came unconsciously into the fairy-land of love! All was bright and golden there, and but one shadow rested on the sunshine. When Camillo spoke of the "little meeting-house in the garden," and the image of "My donny," she grew very thoughtful; and he said with a sigh, "I wish, dear Alice, that we were of one religion." She smiled sweetly as she answered, "are we not both of the religion of Christ?"

He kissed her hand, and said, "Your soul is always large and liberal, and noble and kind; but others are not like you, dear Alice."

And truly, when the war had ceased, and Camillo Campbell began to rebuild his demolished dwelling, and the young couple spoke of marriage, great was the consternation in both families. Even the liberal-minded Joseph was deeply pained to have his daughter "marry out of Society," as their phrase is; but he strove to console Rachel, who was far more afflicted than himself. "The young people love each other," he said, "and it does not seem to be right to put any constraint on their affection. Camillo is a goodly youth; and I think the dreadful scenes he has lately witnessed have exercised his mind powerfully on the subject of war. I have observed that he is thoughtful and candid; and if he does but act up to his own light, it is all I ask for him. He promises never to interfere with the freedom of Alice; and as she has adopted most of our principles from her own conviction, I do not fear that she will ever depart from them."

"Don't comfort thyself with any such idea,"

replied Rachel. "She will have pictures of the Virgin Mary in her house, and priests will come there to say over their mummery; and small beginnings make great endings. At all events, one thing is certain. Alice will lose her membership in our Society; and that it is which mainly grieves me. She is such a serious, sensible girl, that I always hoped to see her an esteemed minister among us."

"It is a disappointment to me also," replied Joseph; "but we must bear it cheerfully. It certainly is better to have our child go out of the Society and keep her principles, than it would be to have her stay in Society and depart from her principles, as many do."

Mary Campbell was more disturbed than Rachel Goodnan. In the first paroxysm of her distress, she said she wished she had been killed in the war, rather than live to see her only son married to a black Protestant.

"Not a black Protestant, dear mother, only a dove-colored one," rejoined Camillo, playfully. Then he kissed her, and reminded her of the story of the crucifix, and told her how noble and gentle, and good and sensible, his Alice was. As he talked, a vision rose before her of the little bedroom in the Quaker's farm-house; she saw Rachel and Alice supporting the drooping heads of poor homeless Catholics, while they offered drink to their feverish lips; and memory melted bigotry. She threw herself weeping into Camillo's arms and said, "Truly they did treat us like disciples of Christ. I once said to Alice, May the Madonna bless thee; and I now say, from my heart, May the Madonna bless you both, my son."

And so Catholic and Quaker were married according to the forms of both their churches.

The Society of Friends mostly withdrew from companionship with Alice, though they greeted her kindly at their meetings. The Catholics shook their heads and complained that Camillo Campbell was already half a Quaker. Both prognosticated evil consequences from such a union. But the worst that happened was, Alice learned that there might be superstition in the cut of a garment, as well as in veneration for an image; and Camillo became convinced that hatred and violence were much greater sins than eating meat on Fridays.

NOTE.—The course here described as generally pursued by Quakers during the Irish Rebellion, and the effect stated to be produced on the soldiers of both parties, are strictly true.

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Designed by T. H. Manson.

Engraved by T. Doney

Clara and Lucy

CLARA AND LUCY.

(See Engraving.)

A Tale of the Times.

BY MRS. C. H. BUTLER.

CHAPTER I.

CLARA and Lucy Beaufort were the daughters of a gentleman in easy though not affluent circumstances, who, upon the death of his wife, to whom he was most fondly and devotedly attached, had suddenly closed up his business concerns, sold his fine house in the city, and with these his two only children, fixed his residence in a beautiful valley a few miles distant from a pleasant little village among the thick clustering hills and sunny dales of New England.

A maiden sister accompanied him to this retreat, undertaking the charge of his small household, and also instructing the motherless little girls, as years developed their capabilities, in all branches of housewifery and needle-work, while Mr. Beaufort, eminently qualified for the task, bent their young minds to pleasing and profitable study. With the inhabitants of the neighboring village Mr. Beaufort held but little intercourse—not that he was morose or proud, as some styled him, but that the severe affliction he had met with in the loss of his beloved wife, had rendered all society irksome to him; and his sister Amy, too, now in her fortieth year, from an early disappointment, felt herself equally averse to mixing in company, so that each to the other, more closely bound by common ties of sorrow and bereavement, devoted themselves to the education of the two little girls, whose bright, cheerful smiles alone let in the sun-light upon the darkened chambers of their hearts.

In choosing his future abode, Mr. Beaufort had sought for a spot where the charms of nature might soothe his broken spirits. There was to him a holy balm in the soft voices which echoed from her many-toned instruments, whispering of hope and patience on his life-journey, so darkened by the sudden quenching of the bright star of his love. Such a spot he had sought and found. How many such nooks there are hid away among New England's hills—homes for the world-weary, where, in the beautiful words of Bryant,

"The calm shade

Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To the sick heart."

A narrow by-road, thickly bordered with ma-

ples and hemlocks, led up to the mansion, which, situated midway on a gentle eminence, commanded a fine view of the surrounding scenery, including the little village far down in the valley, its white dwellings dotting the base of a lofty-wooded hill. The house was an old one when purchased by Mr. Beaufort, who was too well pleased with its antiquated and somewhat gloomy aspect to think of re-modelling or modernizing its appearance. The low, black and mossy eaves projected far over the narrow windows, themselves half hidden in climbing plants. The pendulous branches of the large elms, which were of a century's growth, swept over the roof, where the hang-bird and the robin built unmolested; and through the long summer day the cheerful twittering of the swallow, skimming with confident wing around the old house, mingled melodiously with the chirp of the locust and the busy hum of the wild bee.

Clara Beaufort was eight, and Lucy six years of age, when they first came to dwell there; and like a sudden ray of sun-light for their animating presence, like flowers for their purity and loveliness, and like notes of softest harmony, were their sweet voices in that old house. No longer, then, did that old mansion wear its gloomy front, but with all the majesty of a benign old age, seemed to smile upon the merry sports of childhood. The father, too, blessed them, and the good aunt worshipped the motherless little ones.

With the lapse of time, Mr. Beaufort's grief for the loss of his wife was softened, not subdued, while he as sedulously courted the solitude of his retreat as in the first days of his bereavement. From long absence his city friends had almost forgotten him, or perhaps he had forgotten them; there was no interchange of visits, and even letters, those signals of yet warm hearts, were becoming more and more rare. Secluded thus in his peaceful home, his few acres affording him both amusement and exercise, he seemed contented to let the world wag its way without him.

Seventeen summers were sealed in the life-book of Clara, and still Mr. Beaufort had not ceased to regard his girls as children.

"Bless me," said he, one day as he sat in the little porch, his eye suddenly attracted by the tall,

elegant figure of his eldest child strolling through the shrubbery, "bless me, why I declare Clara is really growing up quite a young woman! Who would have thought it—why, Amy, have you noticed it?" And the good man seemed actually as much lost in wonder as if his blooming child had suddenly shot up before him from infancy to a full-grown, lovely woman.

There was both a smile and a tear on the cheek of Aunt Amy as she answered:

"Ah, yes, brother, long ago have I seen it, and our little Lucy, too, is no longer a child. Indeed," she added, "I have been thinking that for their sakes you should once more seek the companionship of the world. Although I know them to be happy as they are, yet I feel it is wrong to debar them thus from the pleasures and amusements so natural to their age. We cannot hope always to bound their wishes within the confines of this retired valley. The time will come when, in all probability, they must needs go forth to encounter that world to which they are yet strangers. Will it not be better, then, that under a parent's guidance they should receive their first impressions? Ah, after all, dear brother, on their account, I fear you must for a time forego the charms of retirement."

Mr. Beaufort for some moments remained lost in thought; he then answered gloomily:

"You say they are happy here, then suffer them to remain so—neither you nor I, dear sister, found too much happiness in the world you speak of. No, no, I cannot consent to take them hence yet awhile."

So pleasant and serene in that peaceful little valley, shut in by lofty hills from the world without, lived the two maidens, as guileless as the birds which fed from their hands. Unconscious of their beauty—yet how beautiful they were! They were, however, as dissimilar in looks as in disposition. Clara was high-spirited, impetuous, and naturally self-willed; yet strong in her filial affection, she was easily guided and restrained, seemingly all the more beautiful for being so controlled—like the wild mountain stream we sometimes see leaping impetuously from rock to rock, suddenly melting away into a gentle streamlet, winding among sunny banks and flowers, giving both delight and pleasure. Lucy, on the contrary, was all gentleness. In her there was nothing to subdue—an unkind word would have broken her heart, and she would sooner die than knowingly give pain to another. There was a pride on the lofty brow of Clara, and the flashing of a dark eye, which would have well become a princess—while, as a violet among flowers, did the gentleness of Lucy steal in upon one's heart in sweetness and beauty.

From their earliest years, Mr. Beaufort had stu-

diously cultivated their taste for reading. He possessed a well-selected and valuable library, and was also frequently receiving new publications from the city. These it was his constant practice to peruse before placing them in the hands of his children, lest, through neglect, he might inadvertently instil into their innocent minds the poison of a life-time. And it is a serious fact, that at the present day, so seductive and glowing are many of the works springing up on the field of literature, but whose fruits, unhappily, are baneful and corrupting, that it behooves every guardian of the young and tender mind to cull with care from this abundant harvest of evil with good—evil, too, so subtly clothed, as would make the "worse appear the better reason."

It chanced one day that Clara accompanied her aunt to the village, where they had occasion to call at the little book-store for some trifling article of stationery. Magazines and pamphlets, fresh from the packages of a travelling book-peddler, were scattered over the counter. While Miss Beaufort was attending to her purchases, Clara carelessly tossed them over—attracted by the title, she opened one and glanced here and there over its pages. *It was a translation from the French of a popular novel*, and charmed by the little she saw, which only gave her a zest to read more, she eagerly turned over the fascinating page. New and strange emotions filled her bosom, causing a blush to flit over her beautiful face. She saw her aunt about to leave the store—what could she do—must she leave behind this captivating romance? Ah, do, sweet Clara, sully not thy pure mind with its pernicious teachings! But no—for the first time in her life was Clara guilty of deception! Quickly placing the price of the book upon the counter, she hastily concealed it under her shawl and followed her aunt.

Returned home, why does she shun the society of Lucy, nor join the little group in the sitting-room? See her now, bending over the dangerous page—mark the flashing of her dark eye—the throbbing of her bosom, and the bright blush which plays upon her cheek! Written in the enticing style of powerful but ill-directed genius—language the most beautiful clothing the most unholy ideas, and vice artfully counterfeiting virtue, daring to profane and tear down God's most holy institutions—*such* was the work which now enchained the imagination of the young, impassioned girl!

From that morbid feast, Clara arose a different woman.

CHAPTER II.

BUSINESS of an unexpected nature, involving the security of his little fortune, suddenly summoned Mr. Beaufort to the city. Here he met with many friends of his happier years—intimacies were

renewed—old associations, long buried, were again revived. He almost forgot the lapse of time, and as he met the heart-felt smiles of old familiar faces, emotions long unknown stirred his bosom. Of these was one between whom and himself a warm steady friendship had existed from boyhood to manhood, and almost the only person with whom he had held any intercourse since the death of his wife and subsequent removal from the city. The pleasure of meeting was mutual, and Mr. Colden insisted that his old friend should consider his house his home during the short time he should remain in town; and, glad to be freed from the confusion and bustle of a hotel, so little congenial to his taste, Mr. Beaufort yielded a grateful assent.

He found his friend living in a style of ease and elegance, and surrounded by a charming family—his only son, under the most promising auspices, just commencing the practice of law—his two daughters, both lovely and accomplished, the eldest of whom was soon to be united to the son of a wealthy merchant. His thoughts divested of the perplexing business which had brought him to the city, how delightfully passed the hours under this agreeable roof! He spoke of his children with all the enthusiasm of a fond parent, and listened with sincere delight to the praises bestowed by his friends on their own. To bring their children acquainted seemed now a mutual desire, and before Mr. Beaufort took leave of his kind friends he consented that one or both of his daughters should spend some months with them.

A few weeks earlier, and even Clara, with her cheerful, imaginative nature, would have received this invitation to the gay world with comparative indifference—but now her mind was diseased. The enticing work she had so imprudently read, had been followed by others of the same nature, obtained in the same clandestine manner! Already she sighed for that enchanting world so glowingly painted—where crime was but a harsher name for suffering virtue, and where criminals, *excellent, noble men, and refined, pure, intellectual women*, were exalted into heroes and heroines, whom to resemble was, to her sickly fancy, an attribute worthy even the gods themselves!

The simple pleasures of the country now palled upon her senses—flowers were no longer fair—birds sang discordantly—all which had heretofore constituted her pleasure and delight, now failed to restore that healthful tone of mind so late possessed. It was, then, with surprise and joy unspeakable, that she received the sanction of her father to fly to that world so teeming with pleasure. No cloud rested on the picture her mistaken fancy had drawn—all was bright—tinted with the rainbow-hues of hope, joy, and love!

Lucy, on the contrary, felt no desire to quit her peaceful home, to leave her beloved father and

aunt, or exchange her own simple enjoyments for all the allurements so glowingly set forth by her sister, who earnestly wished her to accompany her. Clara, however, solicited in vain—so, with a heart saddened by this first leave-taking, with smiles struggling through her tears, she was folded to the breast of her father, and received the weeping farewell of her good aunt. And long were the fair sisters encircled in each other's arms ere the last word was spoken—the last look given. She has gone! Her father seeks in vain for her bright beaming countenance—he starts—for fancy cheats his ear that he hears her voice even now ringing its merry strains as of old! Aunt Amy wanders from room to room, as if she had lost something precious to her eyes and her heart—while dear Lucy, up in her little moon-lit chamber, weeps in her loneliness, bathing her solitary pillow with her tears, and kissing the spot where but *last night* the head of her beloved sister had reposed.

Under the escort of a worthy neighbor, Clara arrived safely in New York. Mr. Colden and his son met her a few miles from the city, with every demonstration of pleasure, nor was her reception less cordial from Mrs. Colden and her amiable daughters.

Of a frank, confiding nature, Clara soon felt herself at home with her new friends, who in turn were charmed with her appearance, so that mutual friendship and confidence at once sprung up between them. The deportment of Clara was graceful and dignified—so far from possessing any of that manner styled *gauche*, attributed so often to those who, like her, have never been out of sight of field and forest, she seemed only now to have found her proper sphere, and glided at once from the simplicity of country life into the fashionable circle, with all the ease and elegance of a high-bred woman. So lovely, too, and engaging, that she was hailed at once as the most brilliant star in that galaxy of wealth and beauty.

Adelaide Colden, the *fiancée* of young Montfort, could not be called beautiful. Her countenance, however, was sweetly engaging, and her manners so bland and affable as caused her to be a general favorite with her acquaintances. She was not one, however, who could have won the fancy of the dashing Montfort, had not her wealth rendered the alliance desirable—as it was, well-schooled in the art of wooing, he soon gained the heart of the guileless Adelaide. She loved him with all the beautiful truthfulness of a first pure, holy love—timidly, trustingly, devotedly. As his wife, what a future of blessedness spread out before her!

Ah, poor Adelaide, even now dark clouds are gathering around thee!

When Montfort first saw Clara Beaufort, he started with surprise and admiration. He thought

her the most beautiful woman he had ever met—youth, grace, elegance, loveliness unparalleled were here united. The beauties of France and Italy, at whose feet he had worshipped—the belles of his own fair city, all faded into insignificance before the brilliant charms of this village maid! Sprightly, too, and witty—in short, Clara was the very one to attract the fickle fancy of a man like Montfort. Montfort was an elegant fellow, but, like a splendid casket whose outside is all, ne'er a jewel of price was there within! His manners were schooled to please, but his morals had unhappily received their tone from the corrupting influence of foreign freedom. All this, however, had escaped the penetration of Mr. Colden in consenting to his union with his child. The alliance was also too desirable, for many reasons, to quarrel with trifles—as a married man, his little eccentricities, his youthful peccadillos, would end. So reasoned the father in his blindness.

Shortly after the arrival of Clara, the marriage of Montfort and Adelaide took place with great pomp and magnificence. A season of brilliant festivities followed, in compliment to the new-married pair. Party succeeded to party, while Clara, intoxicated with the novelty, whirled with the rest in the giddy, exciting round. At length there was a slight cessation in the world of pleasure. The young couple moved into their elegant house in the most fashionable quarter of the city. With smiles and tears Adelaide left the paternal roof to assume, with all the pride of a young adoring wife, the charge of her own home—*home*, the elysium of her love!

It was now the wish of the fair bride, coupled with the earnest entreaties of Montfort, that Clara, to whom she had become much attached, should pass the remaining six weeks of her stay in town with her; and Clara, pleased and flattered, accepted the invitation.

And now a fearful chasm already yawns at the feet of Clara. Yet roses blossom around it, pleasure waves her enchanting wand on to the brink, where temptation waits, with enticing mien, to plunge with its victim down, down to destruction!

CHAPTER III.

THE six weeks of Clara's contemplated stay had already passed, but an urgent request from her friends to Mr. Beaufort, accompanied by a timid solicitation of her own, had gained the consent of her father to a more lengthened visit. Dizzy with happiness, blinded by passion, Clara stood on the very verge of that awful abyss from whose dark depths there is no return to light and happiness!

"What is the matter with you to-day, Julia?" inquired Mrs. Colden of her youngest daughter.

"You seem very much depressed—are you not well, or has anything happened to disturb you?"

"O, I am perfectly well, mamma," replied Julia, blushing.

"And you found Adelaide looking charmingly this morning—then what ails you, for your eyes are even now filling with tears?"

"Dear mamma, you will think me very foolish, I know," said Julia at length, with some hesitation, "but I fear Montfort does not love Adelaide."

"Julia!"

"It is true, mamma."

"Julia, what do you mean?" cried Mrs. Colden, dropping her work and gazing wildly at her daughter.

"Indeed, my dear mamma, I have seen it for a long time, and I believe, too," added Julia, indignantly, "that Clara Beaufort is the cause!"

"Julia, Julia, take care what you say!" said Mrs. Colden, imploringly. "Beware how you harbor or give utterance to thoughts so dreadful!"

"I know it, mamma. O, dreadful thoughts indeed!" answered Julia; "and most earnestly have I struggled, even against conviction. It is too evident that Montfort prefers her society to that of his injured wife. They are almost constantly side by side, whether at home or abroad—all Adelaide's wishes are adroitly made to yield to hers. Nay, more, I have watched them narrowly. If she moves, his eye follows her with rapture—if she speaks, he listens entranced—if she is absent, he is gloomy, reserved; if present, he charms all by his wit and agreeableness. Then again, if he approaches her, her eye kindles with pleasure—under his glance she blushes and trembles like some timid school-girl—and if he addresses her, she hangs on his words delighted."

"Julia, all you have said cannot convince me," replied Mrs. Colden. "Clara is beautiful and engaging—Montfort admires her, I know, but only as a charming friend and companion. Then you will allow he is also most fascinating and unsurpassed in conversational powers. It is perfectly natural, I am sure, that a girl of Clara's intelligence should esteem his society, and, as you say, 'hang delighted on his words.'"

"Would I could believe as you do, mother," said Julia, "but unhappily I am not mistaken. Listen—it was only this morning that Adelaide told me her husband was out, and that Clara was confined to her room with a bad cold. I was going up to see her, when she begged I would bring her a book from the drawing-room—and, mamma, there they were—Montfort and Clara—his arm encircling her waist, her head reposing fondly on his shoulder!" And Julia burst into tears.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Colden, "am I awake? Is this, indeed, so, Julia?—then God shield the heart of my poor child!"

For many moments the mother and daughter wept unrestrainedly—at length Mrs. Colden, lifting up her face, pale with grief, said:

“What is to be done? This is a most dreadful thing you tell me, Julia, which, if true, will wreck the happiness of many hearts. Do you think poor Adelaide suspects aught of this?”

Julia confessed she did not. Adelaide was so confident and secure in the love of her husband and the truthfulness of her friend, she was certain no shadow of doubt had ever disturbed her loving heart.

“Poor girl, may she never be enlightened!” said Mrs. Colden. “It must be our immediate study, Julia, to break this entanglement, and as prudently as possible. I will not think this more than a momentary infatuation—for worlds do not give them reason to think you suspect them—but more than all, be on your guard before Adelaide—let no impatient word or gesture escape you, that may convey the most distant hint to her unsuspecting mind. There only now remains a few weeks of Clara’s stay. Being, then, so soon to leave, I shall claim the rest of her time, and propose to make an exchange—you to remain with Adelaide, Clara with me. This will be one step toward breaking the enchantment, and when once she returns home, I shall be careful how I again invite her dangerous presence into the family.”

It was all too true, the unhappy statement which Julia had given her mother.

Indifferent to the being whose happiness had been so trustingly given to his keeping, Montfort loved Clara—loved her from their first meeting. This was enough. A perfect man of the world, artful and insidious, he resolved to win her, and, like the rattlesnake whose fascination renders the victim blind to its deformity, he prepared himself for the conquest by all the captivating eloquence of look and language. He soon saw the interest he had awakened, and, villain as he was, pursued his advantage.

And what shall I say of Clara—the beautiful, high-souled Clara? Can I say she struggled against her feelings as a crime? Not so. To her frenzied imagination, Montfort was the most noble, the most exalted of men—one as far above evil as the heavens were above the earth! Led on, too, by the artful sophistry of Montfort, *her mind already prepared* to receive his dangerous doctrines, she felt it no crime to love as she did, and therefore gave herself up to this all-absorbing passion as her—*destiny*!

Unused to so much ingenuousness, Montfort was at first somewhat surprised at the candor with which the misguided girl avowed her sentiments. But through her very ingenuousness he soon detected

he ground-work upon which his success and her error was founded. Of her sincerity and innocence he could not doubt—but he saw her mind darkly imbued with the pernicious influences, such as I have before described, and *he* knew their hollowness; for his own mind had been vitiated, his heart corrupted, by mingling in scenes the counterpart of those over whose deformity the novelist has thrown a drapery so gorgeous and beautiful.

A few hours after the conversation between Mrs. Colden and Julia, as related, their carriage stopped at the door of Montfort’s splendid establishment in — Square.

“I have come to run away with you, Clara,” said Mrs. Colden, as she entered the drawing-room, where she found Montfort and Clara, but not Adelaide. “I come armed with the right of friendship, to entreat that the rest of your stay in town may be passed in Bond street.”

Clara colored deeply, while, with the utmost sang-froid, Montfort said:

“This is the first time, my dear madam, I could ever pronounce you a messenger of evil. I know not what Adelaide may say, but, positively, I must protest against your cruel intentions. Remove dear Miss Beaufort, and you take a star from our domestic heaven!”

“And this is the first time,” replied Mrs. Colden, gaily, “that I could accuse Mr. Montfort of selfishness. Two months this ‘bright particular star’ has radiated o’er your dwelling, and now, when so soon to vanish from our gaze altogether, you are not willing that others may enjoy, for a brief season, that happiness which has so long been yours! Is he not unreasonable, Clara? Besides,” she continued, “I had prepared myself for a sacrifice, too—aware that every enjoyment has its price, I have brought our dear Julia, the star of *my* heaven, to console this inconsistent gentleman for your loss.”

“Then, most certainly, my dear Mrs. Colden,” said Clara, endeavoring to appear gay and unconcerned, “I shall accompany you without demur; indeed, it would be barbarous to both Mr. Montfort and Adelaide to refuse compliance with your request, when they will be so much the gainers by the exchange.”

Poor Mrs. Colden wore her mask but ill. Unaccustomed to deception, her true motives were easily read by Montfort. Yet, with the most perfect self-possession, he raised a hand each of Julia and Clara to his lips—made a most gallant speech, equally flattering to both, and then, with a touching compliment to Adelaide, who, in the mean while, had joined the group, he pleaded an engagement and left the house.

That night Clara was once more domiciled under the roof of her father’s old friend.

CHAPTER IV.

As the time drew near for the contemplated journey of Mr. Beaufort to the city for the purpose of bringing home his child, he was seized with a sudden and dangerous illness, and so rapidly did his disease gain ground, that it was deemed advisable to forward the alarming intelligence to Clara without delay. Bitter, indeed, was the awakening of the infatuated girl from her delusive dream! Her father, her dear father ill, perhaps dying—and she far, far away from his pillow! The thought was distracting. Not even Montfort could have stayed the poor girl from flying to the bed-side of her suffering parent. Accompanied by Albert Colden, she immediately set off for that home she had too long neglected for pleasures which were now to be exchanged for bitterness indescribable.

It was late in the afternoon of the following day that the travellers drew near the termination of their journey. It was now the latter end of May, and a few days of delightful spring warmth had been followed by a cold dismal rain. The dreariness of the weather imparted a corresponding gloom to the heart of Clara, which not even the familiar objects which with every evolution of the wheels were brought nearer to her, or the untiring efforts of her companion could subdue; and as the solemn tolling of the church bell fell on her ear, she screamed, and catching the arm of Albert convulsively, she cried, "Ah, too late, too late—he is dead!"

The hills looked forth gloomily from out their veil of tears as the funeral procession moved slowly at their base toward the village church-yard. On came the sombre hearse, bearing within its sable curtains a traveller to the last bourne, and sadly and slowly followed the weeping train. Now nearer and nearer sounded the dismal movement of wheels—nearer came the heavy foot-fall of the living, while fainter grew the heart of Clara—paler her cheek. As the procession approached, the carriage of the travellers turned respectfully aside until it should have passed. With a feeling almost of despair, Clara leaned eagerly forward and gazed upon the mourners. A sad, sweet face, pale as her own, met her eye, and with a convulsive shudder she fell senseless into the arms of her companion.

It was the face of Lucy she had looked upon. She had no longer a father!

The recognition was mutual. The procession immediately halted, and the next moment Lucy had caught her beloved sister to her heart; and when Clara was restored to consciousness, both aunt Amy and dear Lucy were bending fondly over her. Most touching was the scene which followed. Earnestly did Clara petition to look once more upon the face of her beloved parent, and when the procession reached the church, her request was granted. The lid of the coffin was

removed, and, supported by her aunt and Albert, she tremblingly approached to look upon the dead! But when, shrouded in the garments of death, that pale countenance, so like and yet so awful in its repose, met her view, she shrieked and fell senseless to the ground.

For many days Clara remained dangerously ill, but at length her youth and good constitution, aided by the watchful care of those around her, triumphed over disease. She began slowly to recover. And now, for the first time did Albert Colden think of returning home. Pitying them in their loneliness, he could not leave them while death seemed still hovering so near—but as all fears for Clara's safety gave way to hope and certainty, he felt he could no longer delay his departure—yet now to go required an effort he had little dreamed when he first volunteered to accompany Clara home. The artless loveliness and sweet simplicity of Lucy Beaufort had taken his heart captive. Beautiful as he had always considered Clara, there was to him something far more engaging in her charming sister. Day after day, then, did he still linger—loth to stay, yet still more loth to go. He could not speak of love to one whose touching countenance was clouded with filial grief; but, resolving to return when time should have somewhat softened her sorrow, and plead for that love without which he felt that life to him would be a desert, Albert at length took leave—not unregretted.

The anxious eye of aunt Amy soon detected that it was not all grief for her father which caused the dejection of Clara. Never was there a being more changed than she had become! There must be some deeper reason, she thought, for a deportment so strange and unlike herself as Clara at times presented. No longer appearing to delight in the society of Lucy, she would shut herself in her chamber, refusing all solace, all companionship. She was capricious, peevish. One moment alarming them by her wild bursts of passion, and the next subduing them by the most endearing caresses. In vain aunt Amy questioned with tears in her eyes—in vain the gentle Lucy besought a share in her sorrow; she repelled them with anger—and while she as steadily avowed she had no cause for unhappiness, the quivering lip and tearful eye plainly belied her words.

At length there came long and frequent letters to her address; and Clara became more cheerful, even gay. To no one did she confide the contents of those letters, nor even the name of the writer. That she was apparently more happy was sufficient for her affectionate relatives—they saw there was some mystery, which would doubtless be explained in good time; so, thinking no evil and believing for the best, they forbore to annoy her with questions.

CHAPTER V.

THUS passed the time until the beginning of September,

"Dearest month of all to pensive minds."

A beautiful evening found the sisters seated in the little porch, looking forth upon the genial scene, and conversing tenderly of their departed parent, with whom so often, at this hour and season, they had held sweet converse. Bathed in the golden light of the setting sun, the hill-tops hid their gladness in the bosom of the blushing clouds—from out the soft, silvery haze, o'erspreading the landscape, as a thousand flashing tapers glittered the windows and spires of the little village down in the valley, and wafted on the gentle evening breeze, came the cheerful sounds from many farm-yards, mingled with the fragrance of autumn's golden fruits, scattered over the orchards in tempting heaps, beneath the prolific trees.

Suddenly a bright blush mantled the face of Clara—she started to her feet, and bent her eyes earnestly upon the figure of a horseman rapidly approaching the house—he drew nearer—and with a scream of delight Clara flew to welcome—Montfort!

A joyful smile lit up the countenance of Lucy, and turning to her aunt, she said:

"O, aunt Amy, now will Clara be happy! *See, he has come!* now all will be explained!"

And aunt Amy, with Lucy on her arm, gracefully advanced to meet the stranger. How great, then, was the surprise of both, when Clara, deeply blushing, introduced the supposed lover as the husband of Adelaide Colden!

But how should the pure-minded Lucy, or the good aunt, have any suspicion of evil? How could they, in their guileless natures, for a moment impugn the motive which could have brought the husband of Clara's friend to the cottage? How glad, therefore, were they to welcome him, and "Ah," said aunt Amy, in her artless confidence, "we have scarcely seen a heart-felt smile on Clara's face before since she returned—she must have been very happy with you, in New York, for her thoughts all seem to centre there!"

A rapid glance, but O how full of meaning, passed between Montfort and his victim—a glance of triumphant and confiding love! Lucy saw it. But it awakened no distrust—on the contrary, it only confirmed her more in the belief of Montfort's excellence—to be so much esteemed by her darling sister!

Montfort remained two days at the cottage, proving himself an adept in dissimulation unrivalled! for he completely won the esteem of its inmates! How adroitly he framed his language to their natures! With Lucy, he spoke most sympathizingly of her lamented parent—selected beau-

tiful poems for her perusal, and pointed out many themes for her reflection and amusement during the approaching lonely hours of winter. With aunt Amy, his conversation was of the 'good old times,' lamenting the many errors and profligacy of the present age—praised her skill in housewifery and the judgment with which she had managed the affairs of the homestead since her brother's death. To Clara, in their presence, he was most tender and respectful, claiming the privilege of an old acquaintance to inquire into all her pursuits and occupations. She, too, had learned to school her throbbing heart—and it was only in the solitude of the moon-lit grove, or in the deepening twilight, that love threw off the mask of friendship!

O, wretched Clara, dare you breathe this unhallowed love where the impress of your dead father's footsteps are yet scarcely obliterated? Does not his voice speak in warning accents from the tomb—his venerated form glide between you and the ensnarer?

Alas, wretched girl!

CHAPTER VI.

IN the mean time, many bright dreams for the future, through which the fair vision of Lucy Beaufort glided in love and beauty, cheered the heart of young Colden, and bade him push on to fame and fortune.

About once more to visit that secluded spot, hid away among the hills, but bearing within its sheltering bosom the idol of his thoughts, Albert confided to his mother his love and hopes. At first Mrs. Colden listened reluctantly. She thought of Clara, and of the danger to her daughter's happiness, should Montfort be brought again within the influence of her beauty. But the thought was momentary, and she banished the hateful suspicion as unworthy both herself and her son-in-law, for now nearly a year had passed since Clara's departure—Montfort was, apparently, the fondest of husbands, and Adelaide the happiest of wives and mothers. And when Montfort, on his return from a journey to Boston, mentioned freely his visit to their old friends, the Beauforts—spoke of Clara with great tenderness and pity—of Lucy's angelic beauty and artless manners with enthusiasm, and of the pleasure derived from his short visit with them—so skilfully and openly did he express himself as to efface all former impressions from the mind of Mrs. Colden, and even Julia almost forgot her prejudices, and acknowledged that her jealous love for Adelaide had, perhaps, led her to judge too rashly.

Prepared to love Lucy, Mrs. Colden gave a warm assent to the happiness of her son—neither did Mr. Colden raise any objection to the alliance, for he had loved his old friend and was glad to be-

come a father to his unprotected child. Thus strengthened and encouraged, Albert joyfully sought the love of sweet Lucy Beaufort—nor did he plead in vain. Their vows were plighted, and when spring should again have mantled the earth with her buds and blossoms, Albert was to claim his lovely bride.

Enjoy your brief dream of happiness, ye pure and loving hearts! On the heaven of your loves no visible cloud is floating, but as the sudden burst of the tempest o'er the doomed mariner's head, when both sky and ocean are serene and peaceful, even thus rudely shall death and ruin burst upon you! Enjoy, then, your dream of happiness, ye pure and loving hearts!

If there was aught to disturb the bliss of Lucy, it was the solicitude she felt for her beloved sister. Although more cheerful than formerly, and appearing to sympathize in her happiness, there was evidently some secret grief preying upon the health and spirits of Clara. That she had placed her affections blindly, and found, when too late, the unworthiness of their object, seemed the only reasonable inference which her friends could suggest, and trusting that as time wore on her peace of mind would be restored, they strove by every tenderness to win her from her sorrow.

Spring advanced. The hoary front of winter buried itself beneath the green mantle of May, and all nature wore a smile of gladness which touched the heart of Lucy with gratitude, and bathed her young face with the beauty of an angel. The hours, winged by hope and happiness, now rapidly advanced the time when Albert might claim her as his own—only one week, and they would meet never more to part!

For a day or two Clara had been more than ever the sport of caprice—now melancholy and reserved—now giving way to extravagant gayety. Sometimes when alone with Lucy, she would fall on her neck and weep convulsively, or, as her eye wandered over the familiar scenes around her, she would sigh, and burying her face in her hands, remain for hours lost in deep and evidently painful thought, nor could all the efforts of aunt Amy or Lucy break the spell which thus bound her.

Now it was that Montfort once more appeared at the cottage—and not unexpected by Clara he came!

After paying his compliments with all the grace and elegance which he could so well command, he handed a letter to Clara, saying:

"Let this, my dear Miss Beaufort, speak my errand, and when I tell you that Adelaide has commanded me not to appear in her presence again without you, be merciful, and prepare to accompany me to—Square."

With a trembling hand Clara received the letter and retired to the window, more to conceal her

agitation than for its perusal, while Montfort, turning to Lucy, continued:

"I will now state the emergency of the case to you, my sweet sister, as you soon will be—nay, never blush—and must solicit your charity in my behalf. A particular friend of Adelaide's, and also of Clara's, Miss De Luce, of whom, doubtless, you have often heard her speak, is to be married on Thursday morning, at Grace Church. Now, the fair bride elect has quite set her little heart upon having Clara officiate as one of her bride-maids—nay, so far has she carried her determination, that she has had a dress already prepared for her—they being nearly the same size. She has enlisted Adelaide in her behalf, as you see, who, indeed, is as anxious as Miss De Luce herself, that Clara should not disappoint her. May I, then, presume to entreat your favorable interference—surely in your own happiness you can spare your sister to us for a few days. Only one week, one short week from this very evening, and we shall all be with you—your Albert—his excellent parents, Julia, Adelaide, and your own Clara! Surely you will not refuse."

The inconsistency of Montfort's request, or that Miss De Luce, at this late day, should have first thought of inviting Clara to be her bride-maid, and even then not to have written her wishes herself, did not occur to either the aunt or Lucy—or if it did, it was but a passing thought—a shadow—intangible, and gone. But that they could part with Clara, even for a few days, at this time, seemed impossible; yet the entreaties and well-urged arguments of Montfort prevailed!

Pause, rash, infatuated Clara, ere you take the fatal step! In vain—the spell of the destroyer was upon her, and resistless the wretched girl was borne to her fate!

CHAPTER VII.

BEAUTIFUL as the blush of girlhood dawned the morning of the wedding day. Soft, rosy clouds sported in the golden east, or swept in snowy wreaths over the bright blue heaven. There was music floating on the balmy air—there was music from the flashing tree-tops—music from the dew-gemmed meadow—music from the cup of the wild flower, and there was music, sweet music in the heart of Lucy, as she leaned forth from her chamber window and thought of Albert.

The evening previous she had received a letter from her betrothed—O how full of love and hope—telling her that ere the close of this day, which now shed its early beauty around her, he should be with her! And not alone was he to come—his parents—his beloved sisters were also to accompany him, and receive her from his hands—a treasure to their hearts.

"It is strange he does not speak of Clara!" mused Lucy.

"Ah, Albert already calls her *sister*, you see!" said aunt Amy, pointing out the word 'sister' to the smiling, blushing girl.

From its corner in the little sitting-room, merrily the old clock ticked forth the minutes, and the hours as cheerfully told their rapid flight, while the lengthening shadows on the green sward at length betokened the near approach of the happy moment when the expected guests should arrive. Everything was in readiness, for aunt Amy prided herself upon promptitude and order; and now, upon an occasion like the present, at once so sad yet joyful, she had surpassed herself in the propriety and even elegance of her arrangements. Up in Lucy's little dressing-room was the wedding-robe, as pure as her own innocent mind—the veil of transparent beauty—the delicate gloves, and fairy satin slippers—but Albert was to bring his fair bride the wreath of myrtle and orange-buds to twine amid her golden tresses.

Hark! a carriage drives swiftly up the avenue, and already the impatient Albert half leaps forth as Lucy, with aunt Amy leaning on her arm, appears in the portico. Another moment, and she is folded to his manly breast, and then, with pride and love, he yields her to the warm greetings of his parents and Julia.

"But where is Clara?" said Lucy, looking eagerly around to meet the embrace of her dear sister. "Where is Clara, Albert, is she not here?"

"What mean you, my dear Lucy?—we thought of course to find Clara here!" answered Albert, surprised at the question.

"Then did she leave New-York before you?" cried Lucy, turning very pale.

"*Leave New-York!*—what does she mean?" said Albert, now alarmed and looking from aunt Amy to his parents: "Clara has not been with us!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed aunt Amy, clasping her hands in terror, "she left with Montfort a week ago! My God!—something dreadful must have happened!"

Lucy turned and met the speaking, agonized countenances of Mrs. Colden and Julia. It was enough—with a groan which seemed in its agony to rend her heart-strings, the wretched girl fell senseless into the arms of Albert!

It were a vain attempt to paint the scene which followed. All was now clear—Montfort's villany—Clara's ruin!

Ah, wretched pair! could ye but look now upon the misery you have caused, how would your guilty hearts tremble—how soon your cup of bliss be turned to gall!

Poor heart-broken Lucy!—she never spoke again. Convulsion rapidly followed convulsion—

physicians were hastily summoned—but vain their skill! Ere morning it became evident to all that the hours of the sweet girl were numbered!

A few moments before she died, she opened her languid eyes and looked upon the agonized countenances bent over her. With a sweet seraphic smile she feebly extended her hand to her aunt, and then turning to Albert, she vainly endeavored to raise herself from the pillow: he caught her to his breast, and pressed his lips to her cold brow. There was a faint sigh—a fainter struggle—and on the bosom of her betrothed the spirit of the gentle Lucy sought its kindred heaven!

With her bridal robes they decked this fair victim for the grave, and on her marble brow Albert himself placed the wreath with which he had thought to grace a living bride! But death had seized her beauteous form—ruthlessly his icy arms enfolded the fair maid!

Albert remained but to follow his beloved to the tomb, and then, almost in a state of frenzy, he departed to seek for vengeance on the destroyer.

Not until the sudden return of her parents had Adelaide a suspicion of the fatal truth. Under the plea of having received very important letters, which imperatively demanded his absence from home a week or more, Montfort parted with her with every appearance of sincerity. He professed great regret that he could not attend her brother's wedding, but urged her by all means to accompany her parents to the residence of the bride, where, if possible, he would certainly join her.

I will not dwell upon the anguish of the poor wife when the heart-rending fact of her husband's perfidy was made known to her. With her child she once more sought her father's roof—but with what different feelings from those which stirred her bosom when she left it a happy bride! Poor, poor Adelaide!—but for her infant boy, she would have prayed for death to ease her aching heart.

It is painful to trace the path of Clara—the once beautiful, innocent Clara.

"Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanely."

Too late did the enormity of her errors strike upon her—too late she realized, that as adders concealed amid roses were the poisonous doctrines her mind had imbibed—too late discovered that she had worshipped an angel's form with the heart of a demon!

Still she loved him, and deluded herself with the belief that his love was the same as he had once professed, and that the indifference and even brutality with which he now met her tenderness, was but the effect of wine or ill luck at the gaming-table! But when with consummate coolness he openly avowed his preference for another,

and recommended her to the kindness of a *friend*—then did Clara turn with loathing and bitterness away—then did the delusion vanish!

Penitent and humbled, she stole once more to the bosom of her aunt; and the good woman received her with pity and forgiveness. But not long did Clara survive the misery and ruin she had caused.

At the feet of her father there is a humble grave, unmarked by stone or tablet, for such was the request of the unhappy erring Clara Beaufort, who there rests from her sorrows!

To illustrate by my simple story the evils which are silently floating around us, disseminated through those enticing works of the French school of fiction, and as silently breathing their pestilent

odors over the youthful mind, has been my aim. No one can deny the great talent and even genius of those writers; but, if I may quote from the pen of our gifted Mrs. Kirkland, "something more even than genius is required for the production of philosophical novels; and it becomes the well-principled writer to examine long and anxiously into the true scope and bearing of the views and maxims which he is about to disseminate in this form. Especially should he hesitate about attacking thus any of the institutions which have been adopted by common consent for the well-being of society, *since the darts which, if wrapt in dull essays, would fall harmless to the ground, will find their way, winged with fancy and pointed by wit, directly to the susceptible young heart, there to remain for good or evil.*"

THE MAY QUEEN.

BY MISS LOUISA OLIVIA HUNTER.

HER dark eyes downcast, and suffused with bright tears,
The star of our choice in soft radiance appears—
She will list with delight to our homage to-day,
As in triumph we hail her the Queen of the May!

Her light laugh is hushed—while that shade on her brow
Tells that thoughts deep and fervent are reigning there now;—
Though her heart beats all wildly, yet grave is the mien
Of the pure, and the gentle, the modest May Queen.

She heeds not, nor cares for, the praise of a throng,
The plaudits so loud that to beauty belong—
Ah! the thought that her face o'er each spirit hath away,
Finds no place in the soul of the Queen of the May.

But she yearns for the warm love, the earnest, the true,
Nought but *heart-felt affection* she claims as her due—
So with Love's rarest flowers that blush through the sheen,
We will crown the fair brow of our darling May Queen!

Then huzza!—then huzza!—for the Sov'reign of Spring:
We have woven the garland, the bright wreath we bring!
Then huzza!—let each spirit sweet heart-music play—
Bow each head—bend each knee—to the Queen of the May!

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SPRING-TIME.

THE SPRING TIME.

(See the Engraving.)

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

To welcome thy advent, sweet spirit of May!
I know not the numbers most fitting a lay;
But I know that thy form is enshrined in my breast,
The brightest, the fairest, the sweetest, the best.

I know that thy life is all joyous and gay,
And thy step is a fairy's, sweet spirit of May;
And the strain that is like thee, I'll choose for my song—
The strain that runs wildly and fleetly along

I'll woo thee in music as blithe as a rill,
That, laughing and dancing, flows down the hill;
My lay shall accord with the bird and the bee;
I'll sing with the wind, as it floats o'er the tree.

I've cherished thee fondly, I've cherished thee long,
Enchantress of Nature! inspirer of song!
How oft, as I welcome thy flowery reign,
The visions of boyhood come o'er me again!

I would live in the Past! 't was a season of glee;
Then e'en the chill winter was spring-time to me;
Now oft, when the earth in her green robe is drest,
'T is autumn, 't is winter, within my breast.

The spring-time of life! 't is all lovely and fair;
Or if e'er a cloud its bright face may wear,
It smiles but the more for a shower of tears.—
O, sweet are the buddings of life's young years!

Fair spirit of May! I would live in the Past!
Long, long may these visions of spring-time last!
With sunbeams, with rainbows, those hours are inwove,
When throbbed in my heart the first pulses of love.

But oh, in that spring-time, sweet spirit of May,
Thou canst not detain me, though fain would I stay;
For the Present has woven around me her spell,
And 't is mine in the summer of life to dwell.

The spring-time of life! shall it come no more,
With the birds and the blossoms that erst it bore?
Hope points to the Future—but years glide away,
And the heart's sweetest flowers all, all decay.

Yet I sigh for that clime, where, its bowers among,
'T is spring-time for aye, and the heart is e'er young.—
Where is it?—Faith whispers—"Above the blue air,
In the land of the pure—it is there! it is there!"



LOUIS XIV. AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY JUVENIS.

THE magnificent park at Fontainebleau, filled with rival courtiers, with their luxurious equipages, sparkling jewels, and elegantly-embroidered dresses, presented an admirable picture.

"Sire," said the Dauphin, with an humble bow, "does your majesty wish to visit the tennis-court? Some excellent players are there; among others, M. de Saint Ruth."

"No," replied the king, with an absent air. "Is *Madame* sick, that she has not yet come?"

"She will not be here," replied the Duc du Maine, who walked nearest the king, though he could hardly keep pace with him on account of his lameness; "Madame rather avoids the company of my aunt de Maintenon."

"Sire," said Fagon, the king's physician, and a tool of Madame de Maintenon, "her royal highness had not finished her *correspondence* at the hour of departure."

"A word, Monsieur de Pontchartrain," said Louis XIV., turning towards his ministers. "Monsieur," added he, when the suite, with the exception of the Duc du Maine, were out of the sound of his voice; "have you heard of the disappearance of the Duc de Chartres?"

"My cousin is without doubt shut up in his chemical laboratory," replied the Duc du Maine, "seeking for the philosopher's stone, or perhaps some marvellous poison."

"Sire, I have received letters from the army, which do not announce the arrival of the Duc de Chartres," said Pontchartrain, lengthening his face. "I have sent couriers through all the routes of the lower countries; I have written everywhere, without being able to find out anything of his royal highness; and I am therefore led to believe that the prince is hid in Paris, at the house of some mistress, whom we do not know."

"Such conduct is highly displeasing to me," said the king, striking the ground passionately with his cane; "these libertinages are offensive to Heaven, and dishonourable to the royal family."

"Why do you not have him married, sire, to make him wise?" boldly replied the Duc du Maine; "to my sister, Mademoiselle de Blois, for example?"

"Be quiet, sir!" interrupted Louis XIV., with severity; and, wishing to vent his ill humor on some one, began to scold Pontchartrain. "What has become of your activity, sir?" said he in a

tone of reproach; "there was a time when not a single word was uttered in the whole kingdom, of which I was not advised, if the knowledge was of interest to me; now I hear nothing; the glory of my government is not sufficient to excite your zeal, and nothing is brought to me which concerns my family."

"Sire, my zeal never has, nor ever will fail," said Pontchartrain, prostrating himself to the earth; "I wished not to afflict your majesty, and have closed my eyes to many of the extravagancies of M. le duc de Chartres, who has not had before him a very exemplary pattern. About a week since, he passed the night at the house of a comedian of the Royal Academy of Music, living in the *Rue des Bons Enfants*; the next day, his carriage returned to St. Cloud, though he was not seen there himself; and the Abbé Dubois, his preceptor, declared that his royal highness had gone to rejoin M. de Luxembourg. I have vainly interrogated every one concerning him; and M. the lieutenant of police has united his efforts to mine —"

"The negligence of M. d'Argenson does not excuse yours," interrupted the king, with impatience.

A hasty but respectful movement was here made by the courtiers to make room for the Duke and Duchess d'Orleans, who had arrived, with the ladies and gentlemen of their household. The duchess appeared more sad and abstracted than ever; the absence of the Duc de Chartres filled her with disquietude, and the evasiveness of Dubois gave a still keener poignancy to her grief. The duke did nothing but laugh at the pranks of De Chartres, and especially at the *ruse* which Dubois had invented to deceive his governors; indeed, that which he most admired in his son, was his precocious gallantry.

The king saluted the duchess with cold politeness: uncovering his head, he walked to her side and inquired concerning her health,—to which she replied with equal formality. The duke then approached with a profound bow: the king embraced him as usual, and passed the compliments of the day in the most familiar manner, to which the duke listened with respect and gratitude. The two brothers were on the best of terms with each other; the duke had never interfered with the authority of the king, and satisfied his ambition with being the first subject of Louis the Fourteenth, for whom he felt as much admiration as love. "Has Madame done well by keeping us in waiting to-day?" said the king, who never pardoned inexactitude any more than actual disobedience; "I have been here for two hours."

"I pray you to excuse me, sire," replied the duke, looking at his wife; "you know that I am always exact in obeying your commandments."

"It is me, sire, whom you must excuse for this tardiness," replied the duchess, (the only person whom the king would suffer to contradict him,) "or, rather, it is I who wish to be excused; you surely will not have the injustice to condemn a mother for fulfilling the duties owed to her son?"

"Madame," replied the king, sharply, "I understand the duties of a mother in their proper time and place; but I desire also to have my wishes accomplished, when I give orders to that effect."

"I have given constant attention to your smallest requirements," said Madame, (who never yielded;) "I have counted no sacrifice too great to show my devotion to your majesty; but this time I could do no better than I have; I was waiting for a courier who was to have brought me some news respecting the Duc de Chartres —"

"Well, what have you heard?" interrupted the king, more from curiosity than interest.

"Nothing, sire," replied the princess, unable to restrain her tears; "my son has been made the victim of some infernal conspiracy, that I am sure of; he is without doubt shut up in some prison, or perhaps in some royal chateau, for they would not dare attempt his life; but I can readily name the author of the scheme, and Madame de Maintenon —"

"Madame de Maintenon," said the king, in a terrible voice, "has importuned with me in behalf of M. le Duc de Chartres, whose villainous course of life will prove as detrimental to his future as his present existence; your son, Madame, has thrown himself into a libertinism, acquired by habitual intercourse with persons of the most dissolute habits, that has given me much sorrow on your own as well as his account, for I loved you both."

"Sire," said Madame, "of what use is it for me to protest that the affection of which you speak is on my part still the same? I have not changed from the first, and I still love you as much as formerly! but you give credit to the base calumnies of certain persons who delight in making you disagree with me; I well know that a person who hates me has invented some atrocious plan to sink me in your estimation, and she has succeeded but too well —"

"No, Madame," interrupted Louis, who now spoke in a more persuasive tone, "no, the person to whom you allude has never even dreamed of harming you; on the contrary, she has defended you before me —"

"Sire," replied the duchess, with a tenacity which nothing could sever, "I would rather die than believe you to be an accomplice of my enemies; but nevertheless, I cannot make white black."

"Madame, you are possessed of an obstinacy very hard to be conquered," said the king: "do

you not know that one ought to be of a very irreproachable character to speak so severely of another?"

"I know that I am worth but little; but if I were to compare myself with some others who have *all* your confidence, I should feel obliged to indulge somewhat my self-love."

"Madame, I wash my hands of this fine judgment; but be assured of this, that it would be better for you to convince others by your actions that you are really more meritorious than you feel yourself to be."

Louis XIV., from a singular attachment for Madame la Duchesse, had always, in his intercourse with her, set aside that cold yet polished etiquette which he observed with all others, not excepting his own daughters; but in this conference the duchess observed, with as much sorrow as fear, the great change in the manner of her brother-in-law, who now addressed her in a severe and irritated tone, evidently viewing her with an accusing eye. However, she appeared disposed to facilitate the explanation which the king evidently desired, and she followed him to the extreme end of the lake, whither he silently directed his steps. None of the courtiers followed, for a sign from Louis had raised a barrier which they dared not overstep. But their surprise was great and unanimous when from the distance they saw the king enter a boat moored on the bank, and invite the Duchess d'Orleans to seat herself with him; two boatmen, who managed this pretty bark, (painted and gilded with the royal arms,) unfastened the chains that bound it, and, bending themselves to the oars, crossed the lake, and landed at *l'Isle de Conférence*. As soon as the king had assisted Madame from the boat, the oarsmen reseat themselves, and immediately put back to their starting-place.

The duchess was not a little astonished at the *promenade* upon the water which Louis had taken, and secretly hoped that she was regaining the favor of the king, who for ten years had avoided being alone with her, for fear of giving umbrage to Madame de Maintenon. Her astonishment and joy, however, were of no longer duration than their passage across the lake, which was made with the rapidity of a swallow. The king spoke not a word, and the duchess dared not question him! As she leaned on the arm of her conductor to ascend to the hall of *Conférence*, she felt a trembling chill and an omen of discouragement as she turned her head and saw the boat, which was now far away, leaving her without hope of retreat, in the presence of the formidable wrath of Louis XIV.

She slowly ascended the twenty steps bordering on the circular terrace, upon which was erected an elegant pavilion, supported by eight doric

pillars. The six windows were all shut, as well as the door, which when the king opened, the duchess saw sitting in the hall a lady, veiled, who was arranging some papers and taking notes from them on a small table. It was not necessary for the duchess to remove the veil in order to recognise this woman, who did not even rise from her seat to receive the king. The princess, indignant at her conductor for having led her into such a snare, refused to enter the pavilion, and had already descended the steps—though without knowing how to escape from the isle—that she might avoid an interview with Madame de Maintenon; but the king imperiously ordered her to return. She obeyed, trembling with anger and reddening with shame, entering without deigning to grant a bow or look of recognition to Madame de Maintenon, who smiled and looked intelligently at the king, who appeared agitated and undecided. An interval of hope and hesitation here intervened, during which Louis XIV. struck his cane on the stones; Madame de Maintenon continued to write, examining at the same time with an air of triumph the face of the duchess; and the latter threw her eyes here and there to disguise her anger and trouble.

"Well, Madame," said the king, to whom Madame de Maintenon made a sign to commence the colloquy, "is your conscience tranquil at this hour? I would not, for your sake, wish to have your soul required of you in its present state, that is to say, black with hatred and malignity."

"Hatred is sometimes a virtue, sire," proudly replied the duchess, fearing that the king meditated a reconciliation between her and her enemy.

"The Divine Redeemer, in his passion, pardoned his executioners," said Madame de Maintenon, accompanying this pious observation with the sign of the cross.

"He was the Son of God," replied the duchess, without addressing herself to Madame de Maintenon; "but I am a daughter of Eve, of a sinful nature, and have not the holiness which He had to shelter the weaknesses of the creature."

"Stop, Madame," said the king, with mildness; "if I should offer you any counsel at this time, it would be, that you should pray Madame de Maintenon to charitably excuse you."

"What have I done that she should excuse, sire?" said Madame, blushing with shame; "but if I had committed a crime, I would not so descend from my rank as to——"

"Will you leave me to judge and condemn, Madame? And shall I not suffer in condemning you?—*you*, whom I have believed worthy of my peculiar friendship—*you*, whom I esteem as the equal of the first lady of my court? Think well, I beseech you; remember that I could, without any injustice, cover you with disgrace; and do

not show a rigor of disposition that I might imitate to your great disadvantage. This is the last advice I have to give you, Madame; and remember, that if you suffer the moment of repentance to pass unimproved, the period of my clemency will likewise close."

"You speak to me as a judge," said the duchess, struck with the tone of solemnity which the king had assumed; "you address me as a culprit. Am I to be calumniated at your side—while in your presence?" added she, looking fixedly at Madame de Maintenon, who continued her writing; "it would not be the first time I have been called upon to defend myself against these base threatenings."

"Madame, you have no one to accuse!" said the king, who at a glance from Madame de Maintenon threw off the mild patience which he had imposed upon himself.

"I accuse no one," replied the duchess—who was accustomed to disputing with the king—"but they know that I *can* accuse, if forced to that step."

"Would *you* not accuse men," replied the king, with a cold and menacing irony, "who slander in their correspondence the actions and even the thoughts of others?"

"Sire," stammeringly said the princess, who did not feel entirely innocent on this point, "I swear that I have never written anything against the honor of your majesty."

"Do not swear, Madame, for fear of perjuring yourself; we have committed to the *Bastille* many libellists who have not attacked our government with equal audacity."

"The greatest king in the world, sire, is not infallible; and my German frankness, which you have so often praised, has prevented me, perhaps, from always disguising your faults."

"My faults!—my faults!" muttered Louis, with a hasty, impatient step; "do you not know that I have already punished le Comte Bussy, for having dared to insult, in a scandalous publication, the ladies of my court? I would have had him hung, had he not asked pardon. I mean that the ladies shall be respected!"

The princess called to mind a large number of passages in her letters, in which the gallantries of the court were treated of in a manner quite as bold as that of Bussy; but, having perfect confidence in the discretion of her relatives and friends, she did not suppose it possible that those letters could have been returned from Germany to France, nor did she think that any one would have dared to violate the secrecy of her seal, therefore she still preserved her assurance. But the king, who for some time had restrained his passion, and in whom was still struggling the true affection that he felt for his sister-in-law, at last obeying a sign

from Madame de Maintenon, broke the ice and struck a decided blow; he went straight to the table at which the favorite was sitting, and selecting from them several papers, he presented them to the princess without saying a single word, at the same time shaking her violently by the arm. As soon as her eye fell on the papers, she recognised her writing, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. In a moment the change of her countenance revealed her confusion; the epigrams with which her correspondence abounded, sprang up before her mind like so many ghosts, ready to crush her with their testimony; and with her hands clasped in despair, she immediately swooned. Madame de Maintenon's countenance was irradiated with a smile of satisfaction, and she appeared to enjoy deliciously the disorder and terror into which the duchess d'Orleans had been thrown.

"Madame," said the king, with an inexorable air, "this is the occasion for you to repeat the judgment which you have dictated to me; what does the person merit who wrote these slanders?"

"Do not read them, sire," interrupted Madame de Maintenon; "it would soil your lips to read such a mass of infamous lies."

"In whom shall I trust hereafter?" murmured the duchess, her eyes fixed in consternation on the papers which the king held. "Ah! sire, these are my letters! who has dared to break my seal? who has deceived me, who has so basely sold me?"

"What!" replied Louis with emphasis, "do you hope Madame that your seal will prove a mantle to hide your wickedness? are you ignorant that the king who governs France *can* and *ought* to penetrate into the secrets of his subjects and of his family? yes! your letters have been opened by *my* orders. Long enough have I supported patiently the censures which you have made upon my court and upon my most faithful servants, to amuse, at their expense, your German gossips."

"Sire, who has told you the contents of these letters?" said the princess, flattering herself that the German language offered a means of refuting the accusation.

"Here is the literal translation," replied the king, showing her the proof of her guilt; "I had it made in my own cabinet, that I might more fully appreciate the gravity of the case, and consider the punishment due."

"Your conduct is odious, Madame; it is unworthy the character you have heretofore sustained; it is cowardly, because you have injured persons who did not doubt your friendship; it is, in a word, properly a treason with my enemies; and in another, this crime would be punished with death or perpetual imprisonment in a state prison."

"I have been light and imprudent in my conduct, I admit, but I am not the criminal you would make me; and, sooner than write anything preju-

dicial to your interest, I would cut off my right hand."

"Here, you throw disdain with a full mouth, upon the children of France," said the king, pointing out to her a passage in the translation. "Do you presume, Madame, that these children, who have my blood running in their veins, are not more noble and nearer the throne than the legitimate sons of the house of Orleans? Have they not been legalized by my voice, and are you to be permitted to rail at their birth, which they would not exchange for another? But above all, that which is to me the most insupportable, is, that the person whom I honor and love above all others, has had to suffer under these strange and perfidious calumnies, because she has each day of her life given proof of her affection for me."

"This letter is an arsenal of wickedness amassed against this person; through the whole of it runs the most poisonous lies, invented to render despicable the most virtuous and holy woman in my kingdom. That of itself is enough, and I shall take care that hereafter she is sheltered from such pursuits; and I shall send you back to Germany to the Elector-Palatine Jean Guillaume, your relative, or to the Electress of Hanover, where you will have an opportunity to speak boldly all the malignities which here you have secretly written."

"You will set out this evening," continued the king in an imperative tone; "your exile will not be known at once, as for the sake of my brother I would not wish to have his wife dishonored; this I will manage, and give orders to your physician to say that he has prescribed for you the waters of Baden or of Aix-la-Chapelle, and I advise you to repent of your sin."

"Sire, will you make me leave you?" cried the duchess, falling on her knees before Louis, "mercy! mercy! sire, you are the greatest of kings, be also the most lenient!"

"Is it for me to pardon you, when I am not the one offended?" said Louis XIV. turning towards Madame de Maintenon; "as far as I am concerned I forgive you; but high as is my authority, I can do no more; so be contented, Madame, that I have no hatred against you, and receive here my farewell for the last time."

"Ah! Madame!" sadly exclaimed the princess, addressing herself at last to Madame de Maintenon with a gesture expressive of desire, accompanied anew with sobs and groans.

This was all Madame de Maintenon was waiting for, and this victory gained over her haughty rival was sufficient vengeance; she rose with a smile on her lips and took the hand of Elizabeth-Charlotte de Bavière, who still remained on her knees, crushed by the invocation which she mechanically addressed to her enemy. The princess trembled with horror at the touch, and though she

repressed herself from uttering her real feelings, she was unable to give in reply a single word of gratitude for this forgiveness, which she regarded as the by far the most injurious triumph of that adroit and perfidious woman.

"Sire," said Madame de Maintenon, with a skilfully assumed sweetness, "the Christian religion recommends charity towards our neighbor, and the gracious pardon which you have granted to Madame will not permit me to hold any longer resentment against her. I pray you to retract your sentence: if I was the one offended, I will forget it forever."

"Well, Madame!" said the king "are you not touched with such nobleness of soul? such is the effect of true religion, which governs the human passions, and knows no obstacle to the accomplishment of good. Will you not imitate so glorious an abnegation? ought you not highly to esteem a person so lofty, so sublime?"

"Madame de Maintenon has been afflicted at the unhappy division which has existed between you and herself without any cause," said Louis, who believed this to be a favorable occasion to reconcile, in appearance at least, these two implacable enemies; "Madame de Maintenon has told me that in reality she loved you; and I, as you well know, have been greatly attached to you. I wish to see you united."

"You know that I am the eldest, Madame," said the favorite, (dwelling on her age, with which the duchess had always reproached her,) "however, I will with a cheerful heart take the first step."

"Yes, Madame, I pray you that this reconciliation may be complete," said the king; "I am going to the chase, accompanied by the ladies, and I desire that your perfect agreement with Madame de Maintenon be observable."

"His majesty has already told you, that you are beloved by me; is it necessary that I repeat it, and beg you, Madame, that all may be forgotten in this embrace?"

The duchess had given no sign of life—although she was standing with her eyes wide open—since the time she was raised at the invitation and with the assistance of her enemy; one insupportable idea filled her mind; she had seen herself at the feet of *Madame de Maintenon*! When she approached to embrace her, the princess, who was already cold and stiff as though struck with death, threw back her head, heaved a deep sigh, and fell senseless on the pavement.

"You see it, sire!" exclaimed Madame de Maintenon, "nothing will suffice to break this stony heart; she hates me more than ever, and will some day have me assassinated!"

"No, Madame, she is incapable of that," coolly said the king; "but she will not praise you in her

correspondences. But it is time to go to the chase; will you come?"

"I desire no greater honor in this world than to be at your side; but you do not wish me to appear at the chase without Madame? —"

"Sire, you will never bring this inflexible German to submit to reason until you give in marriage to her son one of your daughters whom she has dared to stigmatize as —"

"Enough! I will order it to be done."



HOPE.

STANZAS BY BASIL ORMOND.

"Sweet Hope! ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head."
John Keats.

LET the clouds of misfortune roll dark overhead,
And my heart grow as cold as the hearth of the dead,
Let there creep over Friendship, mean Calumny's chill,
Let the voice that once whispered in fondness be still,
Let the wild and the sad of life's varying day,
Cast their shadows of gloom on my desolate way,
Man's spirit was born with Fate's fury to cope,
And bright thro' these clouds dawns the sunbeam of HOPE.

If fair visions that cheered me have died in their birth,
And the weary soul longs to be freed from this earth—
If the pure and the earnest emotions of love,
Are centred in beauty, and glory above—
Hope causeth the tear of regretment to cease,
And folds her soft wings o'er the portal of Peace.

Oh, "brightest and best" of the children of light,
Like a rainbow of promise, entrancing the sight,
Dark, anxious thought, at thy presence grows calm
As the soft airs that sigh o'er the Land of the Palm;
And the eye of the mourner with ecstasy beams,
When a ray of thy light has illumined his dreams.

FLOWERS OF AUTUMN.

Poetry written by M. S. ----- Music Composed by Henry C. Watson.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Sweet au-tumn flow'rs that bloom so fair, When glow-ing sun-mer's past; Why will ye glide so

soon a - way, Why do ye fall so fast? Sweet fra-gile flow - ers, sad, love-ly

flow - ers, That sip the morning dew; Born but to show a - while your
8va - - - loco.

worth, And then to bid a - adieu. Sweet au - tumn flow'rs, Sad au - tumn flow'rs.
8va - - - loco.

Fairest of all the Summer's store,
Of Flora's gems the last;
How many sadden'd thoughts ye wake,
That whisper of the past.

Sweet autumn flowers, a few brief hours,
Ye drink the golden light;
Born but to show awhile your worth,
And then to bid good night,
Sad autumn flowers.



BY R. H. STODDARD.

There is a land of duskiness and gloom,
A stern and solemn region in the Past,
To which, fulfilling their appointed doom,
The multitudes of earth are hurrying fast.

Time passing from it to eternity,
Flows ceaseless there, a river covered o'er
With argosies that seek its jethran sea,
Whose sluggish waves wash pearls along the shore.

Earth's ancient dwellers, nations passed away,
Warriors and laurelled kings without a name;
Prophets, and Priests, and Seers, and Sages gray,
And glowing Bards—that lived, and died, for Fame!—

The young,—the bright,—the loved,—and lost and fair,—
All that e'er peopled this frail world of ours,
And died, a countless multitude, are there,
Mouldering away; forgot, like faded flowers.

And ancient Empires there, with sullen brow,
Sit in the wrecks of cities, waste and lone,
And dusk Religions, gods forgotten now,
By oracles and altars overthrown.

And there, the myriad Ages passed away,
Embalmed in state, within a mighty tomb,
Like Eastern monarchs stand and flout decay,
Soulless until the solemn morn of doom.

But when that morn at last shall fill the skies,
And melt like mist Oblivion's rayless night,
Reanimate the buried Years will rise,
And come with all the silent Dead to light.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

MAY. The poetry of May-day is gone, long ago. Its spring-like beauty is only traditionary, and its flowers are mere cambric and gum-paste. Our May parties are held towards June; and the sweets of the time are furnished by the confectioner. Yet May-day is still a *moving* theme. The whole city dances round the May-pole, after its fashion; clumsily, as broken legs and ricketty backs are apt to do. Our maids (only kitchen maids!) rise early, but it is to be a-doing, not a-dewy; bidding adieu to the haunts of the past year, and giving a due attention to the needs of the coming one. Every-body moves into some-body else's house; and it seems to be for the pleasure of the thing; for we know, at this moment, three families, living in three contiguous houses precisely alike, who are to change all round on May-day. It will be like solving the old problem of the transit of the fox and the goose and the bag of oats. All must cross, yet no two must interfere. It would be a curious question, if we had data for solving it, what effect upon character this annual tearing up of roots and tearing down of tendrils must have. John Quincy Adams reckoned among the principal things to be thankful for, "a heritable habitation;" and the associations which cluster about home have always been accounted very important in the formation of character. What manner of people, then, must those be, who have not only no

heritable habitation, but who voluntarily and habitually change their dwelling so often, that one house is just as much home to them as another? What a sacrifice of the poetry of life!

Talking of moving, who can help pitying the poor old king and queen of France, turned out of house and home forcibly, and seeking a new habitation with scarce a change of clothing! A friend tells us that when he saw the throne carried through the streets of Paris, handled as irreverently as possible, with its consecrated legs sticking up in the air, he could not but think of May-day in New York. We New-Yorkers claim the privilege of treating our own household goods irreverently enough, and turning our own furniture out of doors whenever we like; but we may be allowed to hope that the sacking of palaces is not to be considered a natural and proper portion of the republican *regime*. One may like to break one's own looking-glasses, but to have it done for us with the but-end of a musket must be trying enough. There is an *on-dit*, that Louis Philippe looks to the United States as his final refuge; but if he should arrive in New York on a May-day, he will think the scenes of Paris are being acted over again, and seek the quiet back-woods at once. And we know not but that he would be wise.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE. By H. C. Carey, Author of "Principles of Political Economy," &c. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart, 1848, pp. 474.

The tone of this volume may be inferred from the motto which graces the title-page:

If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself. John vii. 17.

Its aim is thus expressed in the Author's preface: "It is designed to demonstrate the existence of a simple and beautiful law of nature, governing man in all his efforts for the maintenance and improvement of his condition: a law so powerful and universal that escape from it is impossible, but which, nevertheless, has heretofore remained unnoticed. The further object of these pages is, by the aid of this law, to examine and to solve various questions of great interest. In doing this, it has been necessary to refer to the history of various nations, in order to show that certain causes have invariably produced certain effects; and thus to account for differences observable in their present condition, and in their modes of thought and action."

Those who have a general notion that works on Political Economy must necessarily be dull and prosy, will do well to read Mr. Carey's book. It is truly American; it is truly Christian—its gist being the demonstration of the great truth that Peace and Liberty are the sources of all that a nation desires to possess; while War and Oppression, or even interference, have always caused and must for ever cause—by inevitable laws—Poverty, Vice and Wretchedness. Besides this excellent spirit, it affords a vast amount of information; a most interesting general view of the condition of the *people*, throughout all times, and an exhibition of the invariable workings of certain favorite theories of statesmen, and would-be philosophers. The style is *naïf* and *piquant*; and these two untranslatable French words remind us of what is said of French affairs, a short extract from which may not be uninteresting at the present juncture.

"Louis Philippe is called the Napoleon of peace. His only claim to the title is that he has not made war in Europe. The French *people* do not desire war, nor have they ever desired it. The peace of Europe has been perpetually disturbed by sovereigns of France, who have ruined the people over whom they presided. Louis Philippe has not made war in Europe, but around him every where he has promoted war, and he is now exhausting France, and rendering her poor and turbulent, preparatory to becoming revolutionary. . . .

"France presents to view another great inverted pyramid, resting on the shoulders of the miserable people of Paris; one half of whom receive alms, in the form of bread-tickets when crops are short; and the equally miserable owners of millions of acres and half-acres, cultivated by men who scarcely obtain the means of subsistence; and the more miserable operatives of Lyons and Sedan. The part which stands high in air, and which should be the bottom, is broad; and there we see the king busily employed in raising materials from below for the purpose of widening the top; creating *appanages* and vice-royalties for his children, while all around are watching for the time when the whole machine shall topple over, burying in its ruins, kings, princes, princesses, *appanages*, vice-royalties, and all other of the bad machinery now so extensively in use."

THE PRIMARY SCHOOL READER. By the same.

We can perceive nothing in this series to distinguish it from the multitude of its predecessors. We cannot but regret, that so large a portion of the selections prepared for the instruction of our youth, is taken from second-rate authors. We would use nothing below the best efforts of the masters of the language, in forming the taste of the scholar. To make selections on the *patriotic* principle, is supremely absurd; since the greatest names in English literature belong to us quite as legitimately as to the dwellers in Victoria's dominions. Too many of our "Readers" and "Class-books" are calculated rather to lower than to elevate the standard of taste. We have yet to see as good a reading-book as the old "English Reader."

JANE EYRE; AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Edited by Currer Bell. New-York: Harpers.

Simple, yet replete with interest—quite in the vein of Fielding, yet unexceptionable where Fielding is least commendable. Jane Eyre is a sort of governess, with no dower but virtue—not even beauty; and she tells her story and records her triumphs with much *bonhomie*. This class of novels has always been popular.

WILMSEN'S READER, OR CHILDREN'S FRIEND—a work which has long held the first rank in the celebrated schools of Prussia. Translated and adapted to the use of Schools in the U. S. By William Wells, Teacher of Modern Languages. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwaite and Co.

This is something more than a reading-book. A glance shows us that it is filled with very useful hints, expressed

in the simple language which is so beautiful in the German books for children.

WAR WITH THE SAINTS. By Charlotte Elizabeth.

The last work from the pen of Charlotte Elizabeth—the work that occupied her thoughts while her earthly existence was drawing to a close—carried to its completion, under circumstances of physical suffering, by the energy of a soul devoted to the cause of Truth—must surely commend itself to the reader as invested with more than ordinary interest. But the present volume has in itself what will absorb the sympathies of all who feel interested in the subject. It paints, in the colors of truth, and with the picturesque expression flowing from the writer's ardent heart, the persecutions of the Albigenses; the condition of that Church in the twelfth century, beset on all sides, but apprehending no evil—dwelling lovingly in the midst of a people devoted to the gentler arts of a land of beauty and of song; marked out as a prey by Innocent III., who knew that the circulation of the Word of God in a rural district might shake the pillars of his throne, and grind his gigantic power into dust—and who therefore determined to proclaim a crusade against this glimmering of the true faith amid his realms of darkness. The pride, pomp and wickedness exhibited to the world as the adjuncts of Christianity, are portrayed, with the character of the remorseless homicide, who claimed to be the chosen and anointed delegate of the Redeemer; the vast machinery prepared to work against the structure as yet so feeble, and to cater for the feast of martyr-blood; the ineffectual resistance of Raymond, Count of Toulouse; the fearful cruelties practised by the conquerors upon the Albigensic victims; and the persecutions of the monarch of that exhausted flock, wounded, torn, despoiled of their little all, and hunted from their homes; yet still assembling for prayer and praise, though the rocks and caverns alone offered shelter, and their worship was often interrupted by the onslaught of their savage foes, to murder unsparingly all who dared profess obedience to the Divine will, as revealed in the blessed Scriptures. The design of the book is to show that this is the "war with the saints" foretold by the prophet Daniel, and in the Apocalypse; and that the history of the extirpation of this once flourishing Church of Languedoc, presents at one view the fulfilment of various promises and predictions in the Bible.

The hand that penned this volume is cold in the grave; the spirit that sent forth so many heavenward aspirations to purify and elevate the hearts of her readers, has departed from earth forever; but in her works, and in the holy example of her life, "she, being dead, yet speaketh." Her last hours gave testimony to the faith that sustained her. Her tranquillity and resignation in the midst of suffering, impressed all around her; and with calm and even cheerful gratitude she continually gave utterance to her sense of the Saviour's love and mercy. When life was ebbing away—when her hand had forgotten its cunning, and her lips could scarce articulate the breathings of Christian hope and thankfulness—she did not forget Jerusalem; her last words were a message concerning the Messiah to some Jewish friends; and she sank into death as she had lived—"looking unto Jesus."

MUSCORA: OR, FAITH CAMPBELL. By Aria Ashland. Boston: Hotchkiss and Co. New-York: Burgess, Stringer and Co.

A specimen of the yellow-covered literature, but deserving the praise not only of considerable interest and pure moral tone, but also of amply legible print.

GREENE'S ANALYSIS.—A treatise on the Structure of the English Language. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwaite and Co.

The title of this work bespeaks its design; to pronounce understandingly on its execution would demand more time than we have to bestow. It is put forth at so low a price, however, that each one who feels an interest in the subject, can easily satisfy himself of its merits.

LEONARD SCOTT AND Co.—have so made their arrangements with the original publishers, that they are able to issue the re-print of Blackwood in advance of the arrival of the English edition in this country. We receive regularly the corps of Reviews, which we count among our best reading. Indeed, we know of none that could supply its place.

THE LIFE OF THE CHEVALIER BAYARD, The good Knight Sans peur et sans reproche. By W. Gilmore Simms. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

A good life of the *Preux Chevalier*, handsomely executed in point of typography, and illustrated with many spirited wood-cuts.

We have received from Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co. **SWAN'S DISTRICT SCHOOL READER, or, Exercises in Reading and Speaking**, designed for the highest class in public and private schools. By W. D. Swan, principal of the Mayhew Grammar School, Boston.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL READER. By William D. Swan.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW.—New Series.—No. IV.

The handsome appearance of this journal, under the new auspices, is well supported by the excellence of the literary matter. The present number has a charming article on Allston, by G. W. Peck, a gentleman whose lucubrations will frequently grace our own pages. Such papers as this, written out of true love, we love dearly. They are worth whole acres of cold criticism. The article called *Foreign Immigration* is one of exceeding interest; embodying much that every intelligent citizen ought to know of the charitable doings of our metropolis. A good portrait of Chancellor Kent adds value to the number.

UNIVERSAL HISTORY, No. 2. Wm. H. Graham, Tribune Buildings.

A well written digest, with as much diffuseness as is consistent with the small compass into which the work is to be compressed. Paper and print good.

LIFE IN PARIS. By Geo. W. M. Reynolds, Esq., Author of "Life in London." &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. New-York: Berford & Co., No. 2, Astor House.

This specimen of the "yellow-covered literature," of the day is abundantly moral, and by no means seductively amusing. It is one of the numerous offspring of Sue's "Mysteries of Paris;" and takes us to the galleys, and sundry prisons and other places, where evil is the reigning principle. Such exhibitions are to us always simply painful.

LOVE'S CALENDAR, LAYS OF THE HUDSON, AND OTHER POEMS. By Chas. Fenno Hoffman. New-York: D. Appleton and Co., 200 Broadway.

A tasteful friend could hardly believe that many of these charming lyrics were new to us; but editors live indeed a crusty sort of life, nibbling at hard fare while others have time to revel in delicate fruits, and drink the wine of fancy. Mr. Hoffman's songs are always sweet and musical; and if he chooses to sing war and wine oftener than we like, we must not deny that he gives those subjects all the grace of which they are capable. The *mignon* volume which serves as casket for these gems, is appropriately delicate. It will make a charming pocket companion for summer walks, though the print is too small to be read by moonlight.

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of Magazines." The embellishments alone, are worth the price of subscription, not to speak of the vast amount of the most refined literature of the day. We cannot too often call the attention of the reading public to a work of such intrinsic merit as the Union Magazine.—*Statesman, Brockville, Canada.*

We have also to acknowledge the receipt of the UNION MAGAZINE for April. "The Lost Glove," is a most splendid picture, both in design and execution. Besides this engraving and two others, there are numerous wood engravings, making this number very attractive.—*Southern Banner, Athens, Ga.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE for April.—We have read the present number of this Magazine and find it a very interesting one.—Many of the contributions are excellent, especially the "Hindoo Anchorite," by Mrs. Child; "The Gate of Tears," by Miss Hunter; "La Fioraja," by J. Bayard Taylor, and the paper on "Jenny Lind," by George W. Curtis.

The plates and wood cuts are worthy of particular commendation.—*The Examiner, Louisville, Ky.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE for April has been received.—The engravings are beautiful to behold by either male or female—married or single—old or young. The "Lost Glove,"—"Memory,"—and "Plate of Fashions," are hard to excel. Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, Editress.—*Indiana Courier, New Castle, Ind.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART.—This splendid work for April is now before us, and a richer work cannot be found. It is a capital number. The embellishments are very fine, and consist of "The Lost Glove,"—"Memory,"—"Fashions," and a number of beautiful wood engravings. The Union is not surpassed by any of its cotemporaries, and bids fair to take the lead of all the Magazines now published. Its mechanical execution is of the highest order.—*The Odd Fellow, Boonsboro', Md.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE, for April, comes to us bright, beautiful, and captivating as this welcome

Spring month itself. Its embellishments—"The Lost Glove," a fine Mezzotint; "Memory," a splendid Steel engraving; the Fashion Plate; besides a number of fine wood-engravings—are of an unusually attractive character, and impart a degree of pictorial value to the number that we rarely find in a magazine of this stamp. The literary contents are by Bayard Taylor, Simms, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Sigourney, and others, whose names are a sufficient guaranty of their excellence. The Union is decidedly the most handsome of all the monthlies, as far as regards paper, typography, and embellishments; and will compare with any of them in literary merit.—*Reading Gazette, Reading, Pa.*

The April number of the UNION MAGAZINE not only sustains, but adds additional reputation to the former high character of that work. The embellishments, "The Lost Glove," and "Memory," are the finest we have seen. The latter we look upon indeed, as the happiest conception of the day, alone worth the subscription.—*The News, Hagerstown, Md.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE for April is a splendid affair, surpassing any and everything of the kind which it has been our duty to notice. Of its typographical appearance we have heretofore spoken in high terms, and we can but add that in this No. the acme of our art is attained; and that while Brother Post binds this wreath upon his brow he may weep—and it pleases him that he cannot surpass himself. The engravings are beautiful. Of its literary merits we are not so well prepared to speak as many of our cotemporaries, being more of the printer than the scholar, but we are so well pleased in perusing it, that it is now our favorite periodical. We say of it, not only—"The Union, it must be preserved," but 'The Union and its friends, "one and inseparable."—*Lime Rock Gazette, East Thornton, Me.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE for April is truly a rich number, and fully sustains the high character to which it has attained. The literary articles, which are chaste, spirited and interesting, are from the pens of Mrs. Sigourney, Child, Embury, Butler, and other gifted writers. The engravings are very fine.—*Bristol Phenix, Bristol, R. I.*

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Two copies one year,	"	5,00
Five "	"	10,00
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GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE.

We will give the person, sending us the largest club of subscribers to this Magazine, with the cash at the above rates during the time ending the 1st of May, 1848, the engraving of the United States Senate Chamber, containing the correct portraits of ninety-seven distinguished gentlemen, then in the Senate Chamber, at the time of Mr Clay's farewell speech. The Engraving measures thirty-two by forty inches, engraved by Thomas Doney, and published by E. Anthony, with a splendid gilt frame; the engraving and frame costing \$27 00, which we will deliver free of freight or expense, in any way to the person entitled to it, at any place within the United States; and it will also constitute the person sending the money, a life subscriber to the Union Magazine. The picture and frame can be seen at any time at E. Anthony's Daguerreotype Establishment, 247 Broadway, New-York.

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THE UNION MAGAZINE.

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EMBELLISHMENTS.

CLARA AND LUCY. Designed by T. H. Matteson. Engraved by T. Doney.
THE SPRING TIME. Designed by T. H. Matteson. Engraved by M. Osborne.
FASHIONS.—Two Figures. Engraved by W. S. Barnard. Colored by T. P. Spearing.
THE CITY OF PEACE. Engraved by P. Loomis.
THE SEAMSTRESS. Engraved by B. F. Childs.
THE POWER OF LOVE. Engraved by P. Loomis.
LOUIS XIV. AT FONTAINEBLEAU. Engraved by P. Loomis.
HOPE. Engraved by B. F. Childs.
OBLIVION. Engraved by Richard Major.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHIONS.

BALL COSTUME.—Robe of grey taffeta, ornamented with three bias flounces edged with narrow lace; corsage plain, opening at the bosom and pointed, sleeves half-length, terminated by a puff of muslin; *berthe* of three rows of lace, separated in the second row, by a ribbon of rose taffeta, covered with a puff of tulle, and surmounted, at the third row, by a puff, rounded on the side, and descending to a point at the end of the *berthe*, trimmed in the interval of the three rows with ribbons of rose taffeta. Hat *en dentelle*, very small in the crown, and ornamented with a single row of lace, relieved on each side by a bouquet of roses.

Robe of violet silk, with two broad, bias flounces, trimmed with lace; corsage plain, opening at the bosom and pointed; sleeves long and in bias, laced at the bottom; ruffles of muslin, puffed; scarf of black tulle, rounded behind and descending to the waist, half covering the shoulders, and open in front, crossed *à la ceinture*, and terminated by two small rounded ends, trimmed all around with broad lace, with two other rows on the shoulder, closed under the arm, so as to form a long ruffle. Hat *en dentelle*, trimmed with a single row of lace, turned around small roses.

CONTRIBUTORS.

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MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.
MRS. JANE C. CAMPBELL.
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* * A specimen number will be sent to any one wishing to see it, on application to the publisher, post-paid.

It is particularly requested, that persons wishing to communicate with the Editor on any subject connected with the Union Magazine, should do so through the PUBLISHER, 140 Nassau-street.